

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

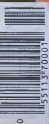
APRIL 5, 1982

\$1.00



The gospel according to Frye

Author Northrop Frye



Killing seals ruins our image

Comments lead to Parley Mowat in the *Star* (Feb. 28) and *Maclean's* (March 1), and to you on the timeliness of its publication, it reached your subscribers on the day after the Strasbourg vote by the European Parliament on the seal hunt, when Canada was judged by the nations it would like to regard as its peers—and friend watching. We should not allow the words of politicians abused by a few suing courtiers in Newfoundland to bind us to the fact that the vote in Strasbourg shows the irreparable damage the policies of the Canadian department of fisheries have done to our image in the world. —GEORGE KAGANOVICH, Vancouver

Besides the annual slaughter being totally opposed to many Canadians, it is clearly embarrassing to be known to the rest of the world as the country that condones this horror. —SARAHUA FOX, Mississauga, Ont.

Perhaps if the halberd-clawed Parley Mowat had to earn a living, they way he might not be so reticent and opinionated! —JIM GUNN, London, Ont.

It is amazing that anyone who professes to have as much knowledge of the natural world as Parley Mowat should expect to be unaware of an essential fact about the annual seal hunt: that the uncommercial rationale for killing seals is not that they eat fish, but rather that they have a devastating tendency



Strikeshopping stopped by Europe?

to spoil fish catches by siding the life cycle of parasites, which travel from a fish eaten by a seal through the sea-seal's digestive tract and into the sea, where entire schools of fish become infected. —GARY HUGHES, Toronto

Thanks, Parley! And the seals thank you, too! —HUGHES DUNN, Toronto

The glorification of a criminal

After reading your March 8 article about Claude Charbon, I feel I have to voice my opinion. I require for a Shopping Spree, Canada. I am totally angered by the actions of the French journalists who are heightening the already skewed feelings of the Québécois by glorifying a criminal and turning the whole story into another day in the life of the French of Quebec downstrewn by the verminous English bastion. I see no easy solution in this dangerous situation but I do think that perhaps Pierre Trudeau, who without the French vote would not be in power today, should stop trying to solve the world's problems at our expense and use his diplomatic savvy to control, and eventually put a stop to, what I see as Canada's main underlying menace. —LIS TON, Kamela, Ont.

The Parti Québécois, which is hell-bent on separating this province from Canada, blames everything, including Claude Charbon's theft, on the English

Its mastery of brain-washing techniques reminds one of the Nazis, who blamed everything on the Treaty of Versailles and the Jews. *Comment/Canada!* —HONORABLE NAGRE, Montreal

Something new on Thomas

After admiring Dylan Thomas as "the foremost lyric poet of his generation" (*Passages*, March 15), you went on to indulge in cheap shots as unworthy as they were unnecessary. Surely had you tried you could be unearthed something new about this proven Irish offshoot to "unbridled access to drink and pliable women" and his death from acute alcoholic poisoning. Shame! —ROSLINE KEATH MACGILLIVRAY, Ottawa

Consequences of self-indulgence

Marian Engel has written a very sophisticated piece of prose (*Opting for the Right to End Life*, *Podium*, March 8). Her rationalization of the right to choose to kill raises an "A." That doesn't mean it's right. The hedonistic philosophy has no room in it, no mechanism to handle the consequences of actions arising from self-indulgence. If something messy or inconvenient, the hedonist simply sweeps it out of the way. There would be no need for the FBI for other contraptions or obfuscations of self-interest based on high moral standards were a part of a person's very fibre. —J. CLAVELAND, Saskatoon, Sask.

I am not unaware of the complicated and often tragic circumstances behind unwanted pregnancies. I am highly sympathetic to the hardships they impose. But hardships do not change the fact that life is sacred. —FRANK PUGH, HUNAT, Wilkesville, Ont.

The argument for abortion appears to be approaching its final form: "It is here and we just have to accept it." When one looks at the way the medical profession, looking behind a curtain of commerce, has flouted the law, perhaps Marian Engel can be excused for believing that abortion as a matter of private consent is legal. Doctors have, in large numbers, sacrificed the integrity of their profession by turning blind eyes to what abortion does to women. In addition to the physical trauma, the psychological and emotional scars can last a lifetime. —J. SKINNEK, Vancouver

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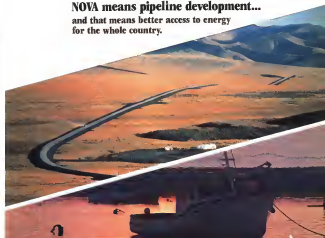
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A farewell to greatness

By Cal McCrystal

The British—and many beyond their shores—have recently observed the spectacle of the editor of the *London Times*, huddled up in his office, refusing the proprietor's request that he leave, while all around raged an infernal staff war over who should or should not edit the longest newspaper. The usual old lady of Frinton House Square, whose thunderous rebukes in earlier days could challenge a prime minister's blood or send many a foreign diplomat rattling for cover or forgiveness, was seen to be fat as her back legs, kicking in the air, whispering Decorum and morals had fled.

It was precisely the kind of situation, had it occurred some decades ago in a distant territory, that might have provided Her Majesty's government with dispatching a gaxton. The attempted coup, followed by



attempted counter-coup, the shrill cries and snappings in the shadows, was like life and death in a Central American banana republic. Since banana plantations tend to reflect the condition of the country that sustains them, I have to conclude from the sad predicament of *The Times* that Britain finally has been reduced to the status of a banana monarchy. When Edmund Burke referred to the press as the Fourth Estate, after the nobility, the church and the Commons, the first three were undoubtedly in better shape than they are today. Voltaire's *Le Fanatic*, the Hagar of London, has become a rather tattered thing, good for tourists on a rainy day. There is a strong movement among disgruntled commoners to abolish it. Swearing under their various names are some "radicals" whose characters, by any stretch of the imagination, could not be described as incorruptible. Other members of the aristocracy are content to run newspapers in order to raise money to repair leaky roofs.

The Second Estate is an much-polluted swamp, since few Britons bother to worship anymore. The Third Estate, alas, is even worse. Since the proceedings of the Commons are now broadcast, commentators can hear the harping of party hacks and lobbyists who insist on redoubt debate to a fare with their caustic.

And so it is with the Fourth Estate. No man of ability, desiring status or professional satisfaction could possibly take his talents to a worse market than journalism. Newspapers require a kind of heyday just before the end of the great economic era a few years ago, when natural leaders were hounded from office and army generals were encouraged by typewriters. The journalist became here for a while. But he was not a hero, and ego trips were neither the rulers nor the proprietors who have to run them. When the former run out of petter and the latter out of money, trouble occurs. In fact, this was one of the root causes of friction between *The Times* editor, Harold Evans, a man of unlimited talents defending his editorial independence, and *The Times*' owner, Rupert Murdoch, a man with limited faith defending his participation in the paper's development.

It is not the first time *The Times* has faced the dilemma; consider the following: "It could not but take the least possible editorial as well as managerial interest in *The Times*. The ambition of many years to control the paper at last materialised, but not, whatever he may have promised himself or others, could not rest content with a policy of tinkering from a distance, but only with a real and effective sense of the close control of *The Times* as a whole." This passage is entirely applicable today, but it is, in fact, from *The History of The Times* (Vol. 2, 1884 to 1912) and refers to events following the secret purchase of the newspaper in 1898 by Lord Northcliffe, then known to the staff only as "X".

So what is so different after 94 years? Part of the answer is that the British press, like the nation it would serve, has gone into dramatic decline and is behaving accordingly. Disgrace, after all, may be so prevalent in failing institutions as

can be in growing ones. Why should not the vagaries of human nature be matched by institutional failures once decay sets in? Described was certainly credible as an issue toward the end of his days, Cardinal Richelieu approached his twilight believing himself to be a horse and galloped about seeking and jumping. Desecration was committed; he was being tailed by an "Invisible Being" who begged him for the sake of humanity to continue his research in like manner. *The Times*, once the greatest newspaper in the world, has been slumping about, seeking last greatness for a new identity and, not finding either, losing patience with itself and respect from others.

Its commentators are the counterparts of a demented kingdom. Power in Britain is paper-thin power. Small wars, like a number of trade union officials, wield it in order to display tolerance. The croak, rather than the philologist, gets rewarded with a peerage. The remnants of Empire rot as the backs of corrupt legislators and charlatans bask. Anarchy is everywhere, and crimes of a most ferocious nature abound. Handcuffs against great British cities are clanged with sounds of self-destruction. Moral disintegration has replaced certitude.

The Times, like the country, clearly needs a "great" leader. But greatness is seldom discernible early on, and attempts to create a seldom work out. When Cardinal de Maistre was elected pope, before he left the conclave he bestowed a cardinal's hat upon a servant whose chief merit consisted in the daily situation he paid to his Holiness' master. That made him important, but it didn't make him great. As Disraeli once wrote, "God [if the worst history of great men be traced, it would appear that merit is rarely the first step to advancement." Even struggled desperately to prove that slave merit could quickly make *The Times* great again. With his departure, it remains to be seen if greatness can be thrust upon the newspaper.

Cal McCrystal is deputy foreign editor of *The Sunday Times* of London.



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A shot in the park

By David Folster

Eastern New Brunswick's Kouchibougué National Park is a jewel of nature. Delicate mud dunes, tidal lagoons and salt marshes make up its glorious mosaic; 217 species of birds and 27 types of orchids can be found within the 60-square-mile park. But one species of park-dweller that is not mentioned in tourist brochures is a small and occasionally violent band of human beings known as the Supreme Court of Canada ruling against them two years ago, and repeated attempts to remove them, the squatters continue to live in the park.

The rebels are led by a 33-year-old

They reside in eight small cabins strung along a 1.6-km stretch of road. Vautour, his wife and six children occupy four of the cabins; the others house another family and two sons of former park residents. There is no electricity, telephone, running water or indoor plumbing. "We are not in a very good situation," Vautour complains. Each morning he drives his daughters, Linda, 12, and Rachel, 8, to school in Riverton, 32 km away, then returns for them in the afternoon. Even though Vautour and the others are living in the park contrary to a court-issued trespass order, authorities have been reluctant to move in on the squatters because of fears that someone could be seriously hurt.



Vautour (second from left) and companions in his last death rather than eviction

former fisherman, John L. (Jack) Vautour, who has managed to turn his battle into something of an Acadia cause célèbre. Vautour was one of 1,200 people living in the area when the provincial and federal governments decided to create Kouchibougué in 1969. As the last holdout of a tightly expatriated people, he had to be forcibly removed from the park in 1978. Less than two years later, he and a few supporters moved back and have been there ever since.

Despite the sylvan setting, their living conditions are less than idyllic.

Over the years there have been repeated acts of violence and vandalism in the park. The office of a lawyer working for the federal government on a case against Vautour was damaged with a fire bomb. Within the park, arson has claimed a church, a visitors house and a covered bridge. In November, Vautour's son Rocky, 26, was charged with setting a fire in the park, another son, Rianne, 24, was charged with assault causing bodily harm after an accident last Christmas Eve at park headquarters. Michael Foster's home. After a group of Vautour sympathizers in-

vaded the park headquarters two years ago, then riotous when the office reopened (October, May 5, 1989), the federal and New Brunswick governments agreed to initiate an inquiry. In its report last October, a two-person commission recommended additional compensation, and the government later agreed to give \$1.5 million to people whose lands were expropriated. The commission conceded that the expropriation had been handled in a callous manner and the compensation originally offered was "completely unacceptable" in view of the disruption caused to people's lives. Vautour was even credited with helping achieve the decision, and with influencing a change in Parks Canada policy so that while communities no longer have to be displaced when a national park is created, the commission noted, however, that "the real danger is to make a martyr of Mr. Vautour." Accordingly, it recommended that the government should either remove him and his fellow squatters, or allow them to stay "on sufferance" as long as they obey the laws.

Parks Canada appears prepared to accept the second option, but Vautour, who insists he would rather die than be moved off his land again, is not. He still wants former residents to be allowed to return to their lands and to lumber, hunt and fish at will—activities that are clearly incompatible with those of a national park. And so, as another spring arrives at New Brunswick's east coast, the pull over Kouchibougué is as palpable as ever. ☐

Carving notches in a bilingual belt

More than a decade ago, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau declared that it was his government's goal to make official bilingualism "irreversible." That plan was curtailed by a vociferous English backlash and more noticeably by the election of the Parti Québécois in 1976. New Trudeau's goal of bilingualism in the real sense is frustrating. If not from now on, at least from the Lakehead to New Brunswick.

Treasury Board Minister Donald Johnston announced last November that as of this month civil servants in a so-called bilingual belt would be required to serve their French and English minorities in the official language of their choice, whether it involves selling a stamp, issuing a passport or conducting a newspaper interview. The belt includes the entire province of New Brunswick, parts of the Gaspé Peninsula, the Eastern townships of Quebec and Northern and eastern Ontario.

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Winnipeg and Toronto have also been designated as bilingual areas.

The government's low-key directive is unlikely to provoke the kind of controversy that erupted after bilingual districts were called for in the Official Languages Act of 1980. The act recommended the establishment of bilingual districts wherever a minority of French or English made up 10 per cent or more of the population. Federal government employees working in these districts were to serve the public in both French and English.

What followed was a vociferous backlash from the two language groups. Quebec nationalists claimed that the English minority in the province would be the sole benefactor if bilingual districts were implemented. Outcries from the English that French was "being removed down their throats" became a cliché used against the Trudeau government. Less than a year after the Parti Québécois victory in 1995, the concept was scrapped. "The notion of the right in Quebec to bilingual districts," says Liberal MP Lloyd Stinson, "No one from the federal government wanted to take on Quebec."

Perhaps as an attempt to avoid a repetition of the uproar, the Treasury Board has designated its new bilingual areas in parts of the country where such services are already widely, though not



Paulson: "I think we're going to do it."

uniformly, available, and where minority language rights are generally accepted. There are, however, more sensitive regions that have not been designated bilingual even though the demand for such services exists there. For example, even though nearly 40,000 Acadians live in Nova Scotia, the province has not been included. "It's very deceiving to think that you're living in a bilingual country when you can't be served in your own language," says De-

nie Samson, executive director general of La Fédération québécoise de la Noroît-Est.

Much the same complaint is heard west of Winnipeg, where the French population numbers well over 300,000. "I've been trying for four years to get services in my language," says Catherine Roger Lefebvre, former president of L'Association Chaudronne Française de l'Alberta. "I'm not going to give up." Treasury Board officials say the problems will be rectified. "We will have discussions with these areas, and if services are needed, they will be implemented," assures Edouard Aquilino, deputy secretary of the Official Languages Branch.

However, Max Yalden, coordinator of official languages, is skeptical about the promise. "Bureaucratic lethargy is a very difficult thing—there's a long way from a directive to actually delivering the goods on the field." Nevertheless, the minority language groups from coast to coast may have received a necessary boost through the recent Canada Act. The Charter of Rights guarantees Canadians the right to communicate with the federal government in the official language of their choice where a demand exists for such services. "In the end," predicts Yalden, "I think we're going to do it—we will."

—JULIE VAN DUSEN



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For some concerned Miamians, violence has become a way of life; too combat zone is as dangerous as Dade County

DATELINE: MIAMI

The struggle to defuse a time bomb

By Michael Posner

On an Atlantic Bay, pleasure boats are drifting in the gentle spring breeze. The scene seems chosen from some fantasy of escape—bright white sails on an emerald sea, under a sun-drenched canopy of sky. From the vantage point of Charles Intrigue's law office, Miami is the sun-baked image indelibly etched on the mind or memory of every winter-weary Canadian. But high above Biscayne Boulevard and on the beach, on Leticia Havana and Little Haiti, in the colorful, crowded ghettos of the antebellum and amid the grinding poverty of black Liberty City—indeed, in virtually every community in Dade County—the dream is beginning to fade.

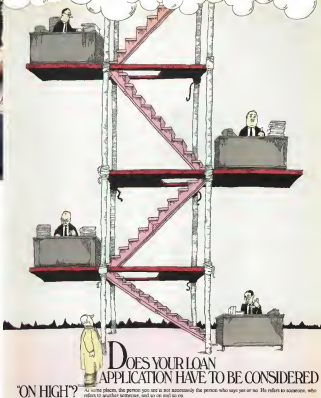
The idyllic veneer of life in South Florida have been badly shaken, corroded by the acids of violent crime and drugs, race and refugees. As palpable as the surface's trauma, the mood in Miami has become one of fear and confinement, of anger and anxiety. Among even the most privileged residents of this society, there is a gnawing sense that the world as it was once known and enjoyed has somehow been set adrift from its moorings. Golden Beach, once affluent;

ocean community, has taken to closing its access roads and guarding a beach. As a result, Miami Beach, has mounted cameras on downtown streets to monitor street activities. "I have a great love for this country," says Charles Intrigue, a former federal prosecutor now in private practice. "And God damn it, I hate to see it slide like this." A few weeks earlier, Intrigue's own mother, a 65-year-old merchant, was robbed and beaten in broad daylight in her store. The incident is an almost routine occurrence, but for Intrigue it seems to have tapped some long-suppressed instinct of outrage. "It's a God damn shame that people here are being manhandled by these animals on the street. They're locked up in their homes, live in fortresses, handbags and cars are skyrocketing. It's absolutely dangerous."

In fact, dangerous is something of an understatement. Crime in South Florida is, by any measure, rampant. In the past decade, the rate of violent crime in Miami alone has jumped more than 400 percent. In 1981, Dade County recorded 1.6 homicides every day. Robbery and burglary are epidemic. Sales of security equipment—alarms, locks, floodlights, guard dogs, surveillance systems, the

perimeter of fear—are rising exponentially. Owners of one-story buildings frantically install barbed wire on their roofs to keep thieves out. The wife of a Broward County judge leaves all her jewelry at home when she shops and always wears the same pair of de-patched pants for keys and wallet. A former city commissioner, three-time-governed insurance executive Arthur Peltier, finally accepted defeat and moved to North Carolina. "I've been through two wars," Peltier said at his retirement, "and no one has been as dangerous as Dade County. If you stay there, you are yourself to the teeth, put bars in your windows, keep your fingers crossed and pray you don't get blown away."

At least half the crime, area police officials believe, is attributable to Marielitos, the 125,000 Cubans who fled Castro's regime in 1960 and were given sanctuary in America. An indefinite number—some estimate between 5,000 and 10,000—were certified murderers, robbers and mental defectors. Turned loose in Miami, they have demonstrated a violent disregard for the conventional values of their craft. "The Marielitos are an animal people," Miami's Robert Murphy, chief of Miami's



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bulletproof busses, says matter-of-factly "I've been very lucky." He has no way to know if he's \$25 KWB that person, he'll kill him. He'll do it for a reputation. He'll search you, rob you, kill you. Boss. \$25. They're a cruel, mean little group of criminals." In Miami, Murphy's opinion is crystal clear. He's a realist.

The sudden influx of indigent Latin Americans—Cubans, Haitians and Nicaraguans, many of whom are illegal aliens—has placed an intolerable burden on the county's hospitals, schools, welfare rolls and other social-service agencies. Court dockets are already overloaded. Our state attorney claims that if he locked his door tomorrow, it would still take him more than nine years to clear the case backlog. The jails are full. Some county judges have been effectively warned to exercise circumspection in sentencing these simply isn't enough room for many new prisoners.

As a result, convicted felons are receiving light sentences or quick parole, undermining the already shaky morale of Dade County police forces.

More than one-third of all crimes are never solved. Murders are often South American hit men, soldiers in the state's ongoing war against the narcotics trade. Multiple assassinations, they fly in at dawn to arrange some price-off and fly out again by dusk. "Murder in Miami, teach us Bogota," says Don Matthews, the embittered captain of the Dade County homicide squad. "You know how long it would take me to get a person to go after one of these guys? Three days." And when suspects are seized and indicted, witnesses all too frequently disappear. Explains Lieut. Murphy: "These gangster finks around the county—if the judges say, 'I'm taking you out, there could all jump up and yell at once, it would sound like the God damn Dolphins scored a touchdown.'"

In one way or another, much of Miami's crime wave is drug-related. At \$10 billion a year, drugs now rival tourism as Florida's leading industry. Fighting for control of the traffic, various Cuban and Colombian gangs occasionally carry their grievances into the

city's streets and shopping malls, using M-16 and .12 machine-guns that fire 30 rounds in less than a second. With thousands of private airstrips and accredited waterways, Florida is the favored port of entry for some 90 percent of the nation's annual shipments of cocaine, marijuana and Guadalajara. Out-gunned and understaffed, the combined resources of the U.S. Coast Guard, customs officials, border patrol and the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) seem virtually impotent. "On a good day, we like to think we get it all," says a sober Vernon Meyers, one's re-

gions for more tourists than their original quarry. Others, Americans and Canadian alike, are busy shipping \$50,000 secured mortgages on their homes and investing in a few kilos of cocaine. "You're talking about maybe a \$400,000 profit at street level," says Matthews. Indeed, he adds, some major dealers "make more in one deal—in one deal—than the annual budget of this department. That's \$50 million."

A wash is a sea of euro-dollars, Miami has learned not to ask questions about the origins of a client's money. Bank tellers regularly convert vast deposits from gold-banded Latinos pulling bundles of cash from brown paper bags. Sellers of Holo-Royco, pocket-size luxury radio-cassettes are accustomed to handing over the keys to crisp paper currency. Armed dealers will quickly part \$5 million in cash, then catch a plane for Colombia, \$1 million in a small fraction of the next deal's potential harvest. Or, adds Lieut. Murphy, making a more disturbing scenario, "a cop will stop a car carrying, say, \$250,000 in cash and a few kilos of coke. The dealer tells the cop: 'Take it. It's yours. Just let me go.' I'm not naive enough to know it hasn't happened."

Beyond drugs and crime, South Florida has also been the prime landing site for hundreds of starving Haitians, in flight from the brute poverty and repression of Jean-Claude (Baby Doc) Duvalier's island dictatorship. Picked up for most guard or border patrol officers, about 575 Haitians are now being detained at the Krome North immigration processing facility, 56 km west of Miami, awaiting exclusionary or deportation hearings. Their files were marked at random as they came in, and that's why they are not released and permitted to find jobs. But the only bans upon which U.S. law will grant them asylum is proof of political persecution, and few have been able to offer successful evidence. The number of this desperate little side grow increasingly restive. Late last year, they staged a five-day hunger strike and clashed with military guards. More than 190 Haitians escaped from



Red-rumped neighborhood (top) left: J. Edgar (left) and Capt. Matthews—witness

gional director. "On a bad day, we might not get any of it." By next weekend, the authorities have more bad days than good days left. "For every ounce of bushy hair you see, and every kilo of coke, another nine get by."

Not only South Americans are enticed by the lure of staggered profits coupled with the minimal risk of capture. Florida fishermen now find traveling for "square grouper"—bales of mar-

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Brandy Alexander. Nyet?



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A
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the composed, running through the swampy swaglands toward the airbase of liberty.

The confidence of these problems has recently sparked intense discussions about their nature—and to find solutions. Lawyer Ibragim cries America's widely held view is that a significant catalyst to crime. "Our gun law policies are insane. A homicide has no real purpose, other than to kill people. In 1970, handguns were used in 10,000 homicides. In Japan, with half our population, they were used in 60 homicides." The U.S. needs, Ibragim contends, to strict licensing and registration laws, a 30-day waiting period between purchase and possession, stringent measures for gun offenders, prohibition of pawnshop sales and mandatory reporting of thefts. "The crusade of crime has already produced an erosion of some of Miami's best and brightest citizens," he laments. Yet he vows, "I'm not leaving. I'm going to stay and fight these guys."

Others are equally committed to London control, though they see local, or even state, initiative can succeed. "To be really effective," says Howard Bauman, executive director of the Oliver Crime Commission of Greater Miami, "it must be done at the federal level. It's too easy to cross county or state lines otherwise. So you need federal legislation, and I'm not sure that's politically feasible." Homestead's Capt. Matthews questions the efficiency of even a national ordinance. "Everybody is armed with some kind of weapon. If you take guns away, they'll use knives. If you take away knives, they'll use a hammer. Hammer, saw, file, axe, hatchet. Pretty soon they'll be back to hands."

The Miami scene is a source of deep frustration. "I'll tell you when we last sat," says Miami police Sgt. Ken Vroman. "We sat it when we started giving prizes for the fourth, fifth, sixth time. A guy commits armed robbery, they put him in prison for robbing his brother. It's only."

Ibragim, convinced that only draconian measures will work, insists that society owes a debt to its law-abiding citizens.

to inflict retribution. "We ought to be warehousing these guys. Lock 'em up. The law provides for punishment if the law is broken. When you don't inflict the punishment, it causes a breakdown in respect for the law and breeds the attitude 'we can do it and get away with it.'"

When Miami police officer George Martinez was shot cold-bloodedly in the face last year, two Cubans were brought in for questioning. "We put them in a cage," Murphy recalls, "and everybody went out for coffee and Danish and when he got back of course

most went five to 10 years. . . . There just isn't enough jails to accommodate all the people society says it would like to put there." Crime Commissioner Bauman agrees. "You can't put people in there forever. Eventually, 90 per cent are going to end up on the street. If rehabilitation is to be a practicality, does not work, then perhaps it's time to try some other approaches."

Concerned Miamians, afraid that the triple-headed gangster of crime, drugs and refugees is already sowing away tourism, are doing just that. In recent months, several public-interest groups have been formed, including the Miami Citizens Against Crime, Crime-watch, and the Florida Coalition to End Homicide Crime. A newly formed group of which Charles Ibragim is president. Last month, the federal government finally stepped up and acknowledged the region's epidemic of crime, naming a seven-man cabinet-level task force to, as a press spokesman put it, "get something organized, get something done."

In the meantime, Duke County hotels are trying to raise an \$18 million war chest to promote Miami's virtues in ads and public-relations campaigns. "We've got to create an image of a community fighting back," says State Senator Joe Givens. "What doesn't work is sending rifle bullets on sidewalks in the North." Or as Mr. Ibragim editorialized, "Bribery, not drugs, is South Florida's problem."

One fresh difficulty is a move to legalize marijuana gambling in the nearby six provinces as it will reverse the declining fortunes of tourism. Its detractors fear it will only invite more crime. A public referendum is likely.

There are, of course, no realists at Miami. For all its current ailments, Miami remains a town of myth about its tourists and natives alike know that the sun shines brightly, the surf laps lovingly at the shore, and orange juice has the sweetness of some secret nectar.

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Milky of street violence (top), detailed Miami scene in euro-dollars

we offered some to these guys. Well, they laughed at us. There," they said, "you shoot a policeman and they give you cokes and coffee. In Cuba, we'd be dead right now."

Predictably, the courts themselves challenge the notion that longer sentences are the sure answer to South Florida's trouble. "Most of these crimes," says Broward County Court Judge Martin Abram, "do not merit 25-year or 30-year sentences. Under law,

CANADA

The constitution: a rough passage home

By John Hiler

The Canada Act has caused many controversies in its rough passage through two parliaments. But last week's final indignities in the House of Lords were enough to upset even the warmest federalists who had hoped for a smooth passage. Lord Hailsham, speaking on the weekend at Lord Chancellor, appeared to be snarling peacefully under

Lord's themselves, must acknowledge the bill as an amendment, Canada was following the British on the new bill. In this air of reality, and in view of the fact that the courts, to let each other stay, far from the facts.

The greatest threat to passage of the constitution in Britain was in fact, that when all the provinces but Quebec reached agreement with Prime Men-

responsibility of the British government, they have long since been in Canada government hands. Their other cases, brought by the Saskatchewan and British Columbia Indians, are still in the British courts.

Even with legal prospects bleak and the Canada Act passed, the Indian groups will consider their efforts in a sort of success. Almost every speaker in both houses of Parliament expressed

concern for their plight, however rapid they were about the details. For Lord, Cripps, for one. "The Indians are still a colonial people," Victor O'Connor, principal London spokesman for the Saskatchewan Indians, said in the campaign at Westminster was extended to push the Indian issue to such prominence that Canadian politicians will be forced to come to terms with the Indians at home. "The whole purpose was a political settlement in Canada," he declared. Under the terms of the new constitution, a federal-provincial conference is to be held to discuss native rights—with native leaders participating—within a year. Said prime minister, Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington. "It is to the government of Canada that the Indians must look for solutions to their problems."

As British ministers plotted the bill through the debates and the amendments, they constantly referred to explain the bill's contents or defend its merits. "This is not a matter for the British government," insisted Lord Tweeddale, minister of state at the foreign office. "The British government has no part in the framing of it and therefore has no responsibility for what is included or omitted." The warring debate on Canadian affairs, undisturbed by any thought of amendment or even of defeat, left Lord Poulson, at least, "totally unimpaired."

"North Canada is a nation that is in order its affairs and handle its own constitution," Lord Hailsham agreed.

Widely in London last week, a strategic use of independence

ter Pierre Trudeau last Nov. 5. What remained, however, was a clause, sometimes in doubt, but surprisingly effective kids, narrow the measure by several Indian groups. Their main argument, that the new constitution will disconnect the British Crown from any obligation to fulfill its aboriginal rights, which still have not been corrected by the federal government. The House of Lords' approach, however, has already raised in one case that "it simply is not possible" that such rights are the re-

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by a Welshman who inherited land for Tredegar's construction. In that, she was fully supported by Justice Minister Jean Charest, who seems to have so far justly guessed a few skulls on his various visits to London. He and Denis Boudreau, the shadow foreign secretary, and future chancellor of the exchequer, share a friendship born in their days as fellow students. Healey's help was invaluable in the formation of a new Canadian Labour Party, behind the Canadian energy project. Through Charest and attended all previous Commons and Lords sessions over the Canada Act, he was noticeably absent last week—vacationing in Mexico.

their legislation in the search and
practised rituals of Westernism. The
night before last passage by the Lords,
a red box was sent from the Lord Chan-
cellor to the Queen's Palace, contain-
ing an impressive-looking, leather-
bound folder known as a commission—
actually a message from the Queen to Par-
liament signifying her assent to certain
acts. The Canada Act is the third of
four bills listed inside. The others are
the Agricultural Products Marketing
Act, the Industrial Training Act and
the Involuntary Commitment Act. Re-
turning the commission with his signa-
ture on the top, the Queen thus trans-
fers the Lord Chancellor and the Commis-
sioner of the General Land Office to
Sprokel's residence. The same day
afternoon, the Governor General for the
Canada Act was set for Monday, March 29—
115 years to the day since royal assent
was given to the British North America
Act. Like the PNA Act itself, the two
original copies of each of the Canadian
Acts are kept in the Queen's Palace in
the British war basement and in the

A fresh look at the fences

The Liberal and Conservative parties maintain members of the pro-European Senate foreign affairs committee—sparked the furor with a blunt 100-page report that denounces "strategic protectionist policies as a response to the current economic crisis." In their study, panelists note that the multilateral round of trade negotiations sets out a schedule that will slow Canada's tariff barriers to zero. Also in 1987, that those talks did not adequately tackle the proliferation of such critical non-tariff barriers as "Third America" policies that still close key markets to European goods. The report warns that the situation will shift the aid in the favor of both developed and underdeveloped nations as an effective protectionist tool, at the same time.

Van Roppen: the worst of both worlds*



The senators blame their rival's solution with a tough attack on current policies. They warn that federal moves to attract foreign investment and Canadianize the oil and gas industry have seriously irritated the Americans and could lead to a "very much worse" economic climate. The senators also maintain that Canada is plagued by "too many fragmented and inefficient firms" that are not internationally competitive because they hide behind tariff walls and serve only local markets.

Despite these attitudes, the committee chairman, British Columbia Liberal Senator George Van Rengen, is undeterred. "Politicians have a hard time coming out in favor of anything controversial," he insists. "Our report was aimed at the business community, the academic people, the media. I'd like to see a great public debate to form a consensus, because that's the only time that the politicians will move."

A great night for the Mounties

plenty claim Kokowa population 40,000, insisted the city's 87-man tribunal deliver to us with 200 neighbors en masse to tell the lawyers how they are

The idea began at a business women's breakfast prayer meeting two months ago when United Church minister Albert Bakkes said that something should be done, the RCMP had been proving too many monks and not enough priests. The monks for the affair sold quickly and by the time the Monks ran out down to their vital provisions, the whole town was part of the act. The heavy weight speakers included B.C. Attorney General Mike Williams (he had himself been criticised for suppressing the \$90,000 payment to Oka's family).



"We exist upon these men and women as a terrible duty . . . the responsibility of protecting us from those not ready to carry out their duties to society," said Williams, who has a son on the Vancouver police force. Franciscan Grade 10 student Shawn Barber, reading from his prize-winning essay "Peace Officers are People Too" ("You can't blame the problems of society as law enforcement, but you can blame the problems of law enforcement on society" The police clearly loved it. There were so many laughs that the wine ran out, the hosts continued anyway, with water.

As the intercomedian rolled on, with songs from a barbershop quartet and a bald-dancer, one Mousier described the town's share of support as the highlight of his 32 years on the job's "Dearest Dad, Graham George." "It's a tremendous shot in the arm for morale. We are unified to get towns' needs dealing with livelihood, all the time, and you tend to forget there are good people out there too." Five corners and the hour later, Kolosinski's Mousier, at least, had discovered that a lot of people out there like them.

—MARTIN GRAY is Vancouver's first World Zerkline in Kelowna.

To the polls, as the Crow flies

It amounted to more of a confirmation than an announcement. For weeks, Saskatchewan had seemed in the grip of an unofficial election campaign as Allan Blakerney's new government first raged against Ottawa's plan to scrub the sacred Crow rite and produced a budget belching with tax cuts and grants to housewives. Then, with the question being when, not if, there would be a spring election, Blakerney used his own nomenclature: election day. He scheduled the election for Saturday night in Regina to fire the starting gun for an April 26 vote.

The election date had actually been cleared only a day earlier when the government passed emergency legislative ending a 16-day strike of non-union support staff that had crippled the province's hospital system. The legislation also banned strikes threatening the public interest during the period of an election campaign, which wiped out any doubts about the NDP's election fever. While the legislation was readily endorsed by the NDP's traditional friends in organized labour, it was greeted with approval in rural areas, where Blakerney plans to focus his quest for a fourth consecutive term. (Standings at election time: 44 NDP, 35 Conservatives, two Independents.)

Front-and-centre in the NDP campaign will be its defence of the Crow, the historic fuel, grain-freight rate long considered as the lifeblood of prairie farming. The political squabble on the Crow was laid in a month-long series of 20 town-hall meetings directed by Agriculture Minister Gordon MacKinnon; the government's most vocal defender of the Crow. When the meetings played to overflow audiences, the NDP knew it had the election issue it needed to slope up its rural strength. All but two of the 149 seats that are in rural Saskatchewan, a factor that has boosted NDP strategists who believe the party was losing its links with agriculture.

"There's a pressure thing happening out there," claimed MacKinnon after the government added four more public meetings on the Crow to its schedule by November. During one of the first with Ottawa, Blakerney's government has spent at least \$100,000 in an effort to sway the uninformed rate.

Notwithstanding, the opposition Tories have insisted that they, too, support the Crow, but they have been hampered by intransigent Green PC leader Gordon Lewis when he was a university agriculture professor and questioned the economics



Blakerney: 'There's a price to be paid.'

of the statutory rate. Even Liberal leader Ralph Goodale—whose party was in power 11 years ago and now does not hold a seat—has been lukewarm with his federal counterparts to be an outspoken opponent of changing the Crow.

The Tories, afraid of being swept up in a neo-conservative campaign, will try to focus on the economy, and on inefficiency among the province's 94 Crown corporations. Although Saskatchewan revealed the nation's highest growth rate in 1981 thanks to a bumper crop and expansion of potash and uranium development, high interest rates have taken their toll. To offset the financial strains, the government brought down its mid-March budget offering grants of up to \$2,000 to homeowners hard-pressed by interest rates, a freeze on power and gas rates, and a senior citizens' shelter allowance. Many of the measures were lifted directly from the Tory handbook, a seriously cynical move to undercut the Conservatives on the brink of the election.

All but the NDP campaign announcement will not be said on the Tories in Saskatchewan and the Liberals in Ottawa. Sponsored by Gordon Kruger's Feb. 27 by-election victory in Alberta, the upstart Western Canada Concept (WCC) is barely appearing in Saskatchewan, with newly elected leader Ross Bailey, a former provincial PC candidate, announcing a full slate of appointments.

Previous elections are more stark. Ottawa than ever, and the WCC has been attacking more than passing interest. While the separatists are most likely to cut into Tory support, and while the NDP says its polls show it 10 points ahead of the Conservatives, Blakerney hopes not only to win another majority, but to crush the WCC before it takes root.

—DALE ENGLISH in Regina

ONTARIO

One for the money, two for the show

Not since Elaine Dionne had her quintuplets in 1954 had there been more excitement over a Canadian birth as reporters and photographers jammed hospital waiting rooms and even chained doctors' robes to sneak into the maternity ward, a 35-year-old Oakville, Ont., woman gave birth last week to North America's first set of test-tube twins. The Toronto Sun loudly proclaimed it the "biggest medical story in North America"—not a surprising claim since the paper had shelled out some \$25,000 for a year's exclusive rights to the story and was anxious to peddle its photographs to other media at \$500 a shot.

In fact, the birth of the two boys, Colin and Gergan, to Ian and Catherine Rankin, was quite uneventful. The big story of course had happened nine months earlier when the Rankins spent several weeks in London, England. There, test tube baby pioneer Dr. Patrick Steptoe brought about the twins' conception in a petri dish in his laboratory. But even that event had a familiar ring. Steptoe originally attracted world attention in 1970 when he delivered the first test-tube baby, Louise Brown, to a couple of disapproving pariahs of the medical profession concerned about where such kinds of genetic experimentation might lead. Since then there have been about 20 test tube babies born.

The Ontario set does not even have



the distinction of being the first and only test tube—on an air gap—set born last June to a couple in Australia. As a result, after paying more than it had ever paid for a story, the most the Sun could expect was that Catherine Rankin had travelled to Steptoe's clinic last year to finish the experiment that was to duplicate medical history.

The event was nonetheless appealing to some Canadian women who, like Rankin, are unable to be fertilized in the womb, and the press eagerly camped for the day's tidbits. Then, as thousands of reporters flocked to, Ian Rankin decided to have his own say. He returned to friends and sports agent Bill Wattens, who parlayed the press attention into the lucrative \$15 deal. (Wattens also represents Rick Vane, the Maple Leaf hockey player who hit Toronto front pages the day before the twins' birth with his 500th goal of the season.) Stan Grumet Manager Donald Dixon decided that there was a bidding war over the rights to the twins' story. He said the paper simply made one offer and stuck to it.

As the Dionnes learned, being in the centre of the media's eye is not necessarily the most civilized way to grow up.

The Sun guarded the entry exclusively, forcing CFTO-TV and CIBC radio to pay to join and announce the Rankins. The CBC had to credit CFTO prominently when it ran a film clip on The Norwest. The Toronto Star was less obliging, making a picture apocryphally indicate that a \$100,000 photograph without credit—or cash. The Sun had apparently anticipated—and tried to head off—such a move in advance. Early copies of the tabloid that had arrived at the Star newspaper the night of the birth carried full-page photographs on the photographs of Catherine Rankin and Colin Rankin, laughing: "We wouldn't do anything nearly like that." But he added that the Star may take legal action against the Star.

Having decided that the birth was a major event, the media proceeded to squeeze every bit of drama out of it. The Sun devoted entire full pages and its cover to the story, treating its readers to minute-by-minute details—from the sudden arrival Catherine Rankin took in nondescript and brown robes when she landed in England, to her husband's embarrassment at having to produce sperm in Steptoe's lab.

For the day, which had carefully wrapped up exclusive rights to the

Dionne story half a century ago, the Star's edge may have been a cruel blow. Shocked from interviews with the gamine, the Star turned instead to the photographer who had delivered the twins. Dr. Gregory Rutherford, who's since fled from his domicile of his wife's medical responsibilities.

Wattens claims that the Rankins, who ran up bills of more than \$20,000 in their efforts to conceive, were not seeking a cash windfall in making the lucrative deal with the Sun. Instead, he says, they just wanted to have the control over media coverage they felt

dealing with one organization would give them. But at least two of those directly affected—the twins themselves—clearly have no control over what is happening. And, as the Dionne quintuplets learned to their cost, being in the centre of the media's eye is not necessarily the most civilized way to grow up. Certainly, with someone laughing at them right in the maternity ward, it seems unlikely Colin and Gergan Rankin will ever be able to shake the label of being the Test-Tube Twins.—LENA BICKLE, with Catherine Rankin in Toronto

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A growing threat of war

In normal times, El-Bireh is an unimpressive Arab town of 50,000 inhabitants 15 km north of Jerusalem. Its chief claim to fame has been its mayors. (Benhan Tawil, elected six years ago as the top political tact.) But on March 18 Tawil was dismissed for refusing to co-operate with the occupied West Bank's Israeli civil administrator Meashim Milson. That act in effect set a series of events that soon again pitted Arab against Israeli in a bitter and bloody dispute. Charged Tawil's replacement Karin Khalil, another Palestin-

ian, for a Security Council meeting. At the same time, Israeli settlers facing eviction from the district before its scheduled April 30 hand-over to Egypt were encouraged by their government's predicament to redouble their protest.

As ex-mayor Khalil's bitter tirade indicated, the seeds of last week's violent protests were sown when the Begin government—inquest with the lack of progress in the Palestinian autonomy talks with Egypt—decided last November to replace its military governor in the occupied territories with a civilian.



Palestinian protest; Sinai hand-over protest in Jerusalem; demonstrating free

ian municipal leader against by the military authorities "The Israelis are trying to force us to accept their civil administration, which is rejected by all our people."

If that was the aim, however, it almost backfired. The Israeli occupation promptly moved to ensure the government's policies in the occupied territories—and came within a single vote of toppling Prime Minister Menachem Begin's Likud coalition. In Washington, meanwhile, concern grew that Begin may refuse to take over the West Bank and Gaza as he did with the Golan Heights last Dec. 14. President Ronald Reagan and supporters of State Secretary Haig urged personal letters to Begin urging him to act with restraint. In the United Nations, Israel's Arab opponents, led by Jordan, canvassed support

for a Security Council meeting. At the same time, Israeli settlers facing eviction from the district before its scheduled April 30 hand-over to Egypt were encouraged by their government's predicament to redouble their protest.

The simmering dispute erupted onto the streets with the dismissal of Tawil. On March 18, in El-Bireh, 300 Palestinian women in white head scarves blocked the path of Israeli infantrymen trying to reach Tawil's deserted town hall. Shouting abuse and chanting "A'aleh, A'aleh" (God is great), they were quickly reinforced by rock-throwing gangs of teenagers. At first the troops replied with tear gas. Then an officer fired in the air. Finally, soldiers shot low into the mob. A 15-year-old youth



was killed and two women were wounded.

In the days that followed, similar outbreaks occurred in Palestinian camps and towns from Jericho in the north to Hebron in the south. From Jerusalem to the Jordan Valley, in the old walled city of Jerusalem. While their elders went on watch, children blocked roads with benches and burning tires, pelting Israeli settlers and soldiers as they drove past. In weeks and the death toll climbed to Palestinians—now lists himself up with a house made bomb—and an Israeli sergeant major killed in the Gaza Strip by Palestinians.

In the Sinai, meanwhile, the government was fighting off another challenge by an alliance of settlers still hounding about compensation for their rental and declared squatters who have entrenched themselves in desert plots in a campaign to stop the evacuation. The focus of resistance was Yamit, on the Mediterranean coast. In the end it took a battalion of troops to carry out Defense Minister Ariel Sharon's order to prevent further infiltration.

In the Knesset, an alliance of forces opposed to the Sinai hand-over combined with the Labor opposition as an attempt to pressure the West Bank actions. That led to a vote on one of a series of motions. A beleaguered Begin, who had earlier promised to gain an such an event, finally decided to continue in office for the time being, although an early election is possible.

Inevitably, the crisis came just as the U.S. Congress was considering a Reagan administration request for an additional \$300 million in military aid to Tel Aviv. But the most pressing considerations in official circles were the perceived threats to annex the West Bank and Gaza, and the fact that the Israeli government is considering a western-style general PLO forces in northern Lebanon, who are seen by Tel Aviv as the military arm of the Palestinian West Bank political leadership.

The balancing act, however, was to avoid jeopardizing the Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai—an event widely forecast as a watershed in U.S. policy toward Israel. As a result, administration spokesmen publicly were careful to downplay their concerns. Still, as the situation worsened, Washington was forced to strengthen its language in public and in personal exchanges between the president, his secretary of state and Begin.

In Beirut, too, the lights burned late at Arab and Western embassies and in the shabby high-rise that serves as offices for the PLO. The problem for Yasser Arafat's followers how to aid the Palestinians on the West Bank without giving Israel an excuse to move in northern Lebanon. Arafat also had to

restrain his own forces—who are angry and increasingly rich, for revenge—from breaking the fragile ceasefire in Lebanon. The bottom line of all the late-night consulting, however, was impossible. And guerrilla officials resumed a plan to lure the Israeli from the bordering West Bank free continued to alarm observers.

Western diplomats in Beirut warned that they had become the flash point that could ignite a new chain reaction of hostilities in the 30-year Arab-Israeli conflict. The plan, formulated from one Western embassy official was that faced with the Palestinian riots and all the uncertainty over the sequel to the Sinai hand-over, the Begin government might be tempted to move into northern Lebanon and get rid of the Palestinian threat in a decisive way. And the outcome of that type of action was considered by most observers to be unlikely.

—KEITH SELLERS in Jerusalem, with file photo from Washington and Beirut
*Night in Beirut

CENTRAL AMERICA

An election wild card in the pack

For elect there had only been whispers of a coming offensive. But as the eve of last Sunday's elections, the tempo of El Salvador's civil war once again quickened. A drive by up to 5,000 men in troops to occupying rebel forces poured down on the distant northern province of Chalatenango. But other guerrilla groups moved into the capital. Then, in a six-minute assault on the central market—the first major attack in the city in a year—they inflicted several casualties. "Elections are impossible," ran the black banner the U.S. Embassy. "War is confirmed."

Indeed, Sunday's much-heralded elections for the Constituent Assembly seemed likely only to add one more wild card to an already high-winding Central American game. In Guatemala last week, the fraudulent election of Gen. Angel Anibal Guevara was promptly annulled in a coup that baffled analysts. In New York, Nicaragua's head of state, Daniel Ortega, was expected before the United Nations Security Council to charge Washington with plotting to overthrow his master. Then, even as Salvadoran voters, Washington was thrust with reports that the Reagan adminis-



Army guards at presidential palace; behind the scenes military actors

tradition, leaning to political opponents, was waiting the result of the pollings to launch peace talks with its traditional opponents: the Cubans, the Sandinista government, or Nicaragua—even the left-wing leaders of El Salvador's Farabundo Martí Liberation Front.

The Castro-like fronts, a mere two weeks after the election, brought the presidential terms of Gen. Rómulo León García to an end three months ahead of schedule. As tanks rolled into the central plaza in front of the presidential palace, an anti-peace group declaring itself as "the military youth" proclaimed a bloodless coup. And the city did indeed remain calm. But the political situation was chaotic. At least three different parties were proposed, only to be set aside.

One name that was on all lips was that of Gen. José Rafael Ríos Montt, a popular army figure and a presidential candidate for the Christian Democratic Coalition in 1974, when he was widely believed to have been rebuffed at victory. Ríos Montt was named acting president, with two dark horse rising officers at his side and a five-man military advisory board at his back. García was last reported in Miami, while León, his outgoing brother, Gen. Bernardo León García, and other members of the armed régime were in jail.

García's "external victory" had been deeply resented by a wide spectrum of Guatemalans. One complaint of the "military youth" was that armed forces had invaded in inferior weapons, for the ground troops and Miami bank accounts for their supporters—the dealers. But there are doubts

that the coup will greatly affect domestic policy. Washington suspected that it was no chance to revise its negative human rights assessment. And for his part, Ríos Montt presented a sudden reversal of his predecessors' anti-communism campaign.

Meanwhile, Nicaragua's case was argued firmly before the Security Council last week by Ortega—and equally firmly rebutted by the United States Ambassador Jesse Kirkpatrick. But careful business seemed to discern an unexpected malice in the exchanges. It may have had something to do with a forecast by Mexican Foreign Minister Jorge Castañeda—who has been acting as an intermediary in the region—that the Americans and Nicaraguans would hold a high-level meeting, "probably today." At week's end Castañeda's optimism was confirmed by U.S. Under-Secretary for Latin America, Thomas Rodere, who said that such a session will indeed take place.

Rumors of impending talks involving Sandinista guerrilla leaders and U.S. officials were strong enough to embolden

Ortega and Kirkpatrick: evenly matched—maybe



ran Secretary of State Alexander Haig—who was holding talks with Salvadoran Foreign Minister Pablo Cordero Mesa and his Costa Rican and Honduran counterparts. After White House and state department spokesmen had ruled out any change in Washington's attitude to the guerrillas, Haig himself appeared before TV cameras to supply the definitive denial. But somehow the reluctance of the statements were drafted, more speculation that policy changes may be imminent.

However, American goals of détente in El Salvador—Ambassador Duane Milton last week strongly urged the winners of Sunday's elections to hold talks with the left—seemed likely to be frustrated. For their part, President José Napoleón Durán's Christian Democrats seemed willing to accept that advice. But Maj. Roberto de Arce's right-wing ARENA alliance, which has promised to break the guerrillas in two months if elected, hinted strongly that it is not ready to accept a deal of victory, it may well launch a coup.

—ANNE NELSON in San Salvador, with Michael Posner in Washington

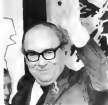
BRITAIN

Jenkins reclaims the momentum

After months, confounding the pollsters up to the very end of Glasnost, the Labour government's last week re-emerged, declared themselves in favour of breaking the old two-party mould at Westminster. They switched the riding from the Conservatives and handed it over to former Labour chair of the reshuffle, Sir Kenneth Robinson, and to former Conservative chairman Roy Jenkins. Jenkins is now a member of the Social Democratic Party (SDP) and Liberal Party Alliance, and has history gone the party a much-needed boost to its first anniversary. It also provided the SDP with an internationally respected political figure as a probable leader. Said SDP co-founder Shirley Williams, who captured Rodney Croxley constituency from the Tories last fall, Jenkins is now the "prime minister in waiting."

After two months of tough campaigning, the Alliance's freemove, bespectacled champion overcame a two majority of 2,000—and captured a 3,038 vote margin for the Alliance. Labour's heavyweight (772,151) candidate David Watson—who in the absence of Alliance competition would have enjoyed an easy victory—traded his seat.

The Alliance's presence gains were smaller at Hillhead than in its two previous by-election victories—in Croydon



Victor Jenkins: in PM in waiting

and Croydon. For one thing, the Scottish Nationalist candidate, who finished fourth, drained some votes from the SDP. For another, both the Tory and Labour parties tried every trick to halt the Alliance's progress by depicting it as Jenkins' scheme—he intimated during the campaign that he would not stand for Parliament again if defeated.

The SDP leadership is reported to be settled in the fall. But Jenkins has long been seen as the only figure to whom Liberal Leader David Steel would take serious notice in an Alliance government. If Jenkins is confirmed as leader, commentators see the Alliance being led much more from the right than they would have been the case with either Shirley Williams or David Owen, the two other chief candidates. That outcome would be bad news for Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, whose government shows no sign of recovering popularity—despite a slightly more moderate budget brought down in February.

Hillhead, said last week the only Tory seat in a safely Labour city, has always had a maverick character with its mix of university staff and students, lots of the old "Red Chinese" ship yards and the famous "Kilmackie Road," whose refined accents gave rise to the local jargon that they think are (presumably) such in something else brings the cold, hard as it is, some ground to ground at first for Jenkins. But Alliance fortunes later appeared to wane, and public wrangling between the two Alliance wings did not help.

In the end, Jenkins' only footwork carried him through. And as the Alliance celebrated what he described "a magnificent first birthday present," many echoed Steel's triumphant verdict that "no seat in the country" was now unelectable. Nevertheless, Jenkins' Liberal Union, Herbert Asquith—who stepped from a Scottish constituency into Downing Street—may well have provided the most apt footnote with his often-quoted remark: "Wall and sea."

—CAROL KENNEDY in London

ASIA

A change in the chemical mix

For years, the issue has given rise to dark suspicions. But last week Washington made its strongest assertion yet that the Soviet Union had used lethal chemicals in Asia. A 35-page report, passed through from information gleaned by U.S. intelligence agents, blamed Moscow for at least 10,000 deaths in Laos, Kampuchea (formerly Cambodia) and Afghanistan. "The Soviet Union and its allies are flagrantly and repeatedly violating international law and international agreements," declared Deputy Secretary of State Walter Dorn.

There is still no "smoking gun." But the allegations—which in the past were made on flimsy foundations—are this time supported in more detail. In preparing its report, the state department examined evidence from defectors, survivors of alleged chemical attacks, refugees, journalists and scientists who analyzed plant and human tissue samples. All that data was correlated with satellite photographs showing local troop or aircraft movements and weather conditions.

State department military intelligence analyst Gary Crocker says Washington has "firm" evidence of 6,049 chemical deaths in Laos, 3,642 in Afghanistan and 981 in Kampuchea. But he cautioned that the actual number of deaths is much higher. And the report, "Three dead," Megashin, guerrillas were found with bombs on rifles and lying in a firing position, indicating that the attacker had used an extremely rapid-acting chemical that is not detectable by normal senses and causes no outward physiological responses before death.

In Laos, the report charged, at least 350 separate chemical attacks have

been made against Hmong villages and guerrilla strongholds since 1975. At the same time, the Vietnamese and the Hanoi-backed People's Republic of Kampuchea regimes are accused of using Soviet-made agents against Khmer guerrillas and civilians.

Moscow was quick to deny the U.S. charges. The Soviet news agency TASS retorted that the American use of chemical agents in Vietnam and such any towns in Afghanistan had been supplied to "bandits" there by the United States. But the report's findings could not easily be dismissed. Immediately after its release, it was sent to Congress and to the United Nations. Then a U.S. intelligence team was delegated to take classified documents—and to make the allegations "irrefragable"—to NATO and other U.S. allies this week.

At the same time that the report was published, the United States also made a move in the Geneva Disarmament Committee. Chief delegate Louis Fields offered to reverse a recent White House decision to go ahead with production of binary chemical weapons if the Soviet Union agrees to ban them and accept inspection. But the move for this initiative and for the ending of the Washington report is not clear. The U.S. insists that it needs a final ban. But some critics suspect that Washington knows that the Soviets will not accept inspection and is, in fact, only trying to create a favorable climate for negotiations approval of binary weapons production.

Still, nobody could disagree with deputy secretary Stoen's conclusion that, "If the world fails to halt that activity [in Laos, Kampuchea and Afghanistan], it will have little chance to prevent its repetition in other lands."

—WILLIAM LUTHER in Washington



The status quo is pessimism

Charles de Gaulle once dismissed the European Community (EC) as a "gumuck." After attending her first community summit meeting, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher vowed never to set foot in "that mad-house" again. But de Gaulle eventually relented. And Thatcher will certainly join the more other heads of government in Brussels this week in glowing tributes to mark the community's 25th birthday.

Celebrations of the signature of the Treaty of Rome, the document that launched the community in March 25, 1957, will confirm its tradition in two respects: the one more capable of wrecking the scenario—a fierce squabble over members' contributions and the spoils of the community's biased agricultural policy—will be side-tracked, and, as always, the growing road will be pessimism. "The community is in danger," declared Gaston Thoen, president of the European Commission, the EC's bureaucracy, last week. Europe's current recession—the sharpest in 30 years—had "fouled the old dreams of protectionism" among member countries.

That was not all. The EC was still digesting the implications of Greenland's decision in February to withdraw from the community—a move that would mean that half the organization's land area is overgrown. There is also the troublesome decision by Greece's governing Socialist to renegotiate their nation's entry terms and seek a better deal for Greek farmers and industrial enterprises. Not only that, a recent poll revealed a widely shared feeling of public apathy toward the community in member countries.

For Brussels bureaucrats, the good news is that the EC continues to develop its common approach to foreign affairs, in particular toward the Middle East, Poland and Japan—that is, even as a growing threat from Russia. But its weakness across the Atlantic, high interest rates. The EC can also claim to have brought unprecedented prosperity to its 271 million people. As officials prepared their somber celebration last week, they could comfort themselves with the thought that even the budget issue will probably yield eventually—in the same combination of give-and-take, good luck and waffle that has earned the community its economic position as the world's largest economic power. But it is not yet his competitor has weakened more of the same gain and pessimism.

—PETER LARSEN in Brussels



Columbia's third launch: trying to cope with the warp speed of life

U.S.A.

Not smooth, but successful

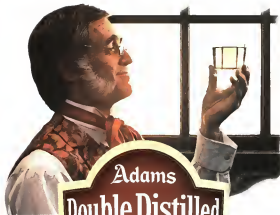
By Jane O'Hara

In a blinding backdrop of orange flames, the space shuttle Columbia rose from its launch pad for the third time last week, creating upward on its most rigorous scientific journey to date. The seven-day, 135-orbit mission was designed to test the reusable bud through its space parts and, in particular, to see how it would react to temperature extremes. Still, although the flight tested, measured, compared and supplied more spatial information than the two previous journeys put together, perhaps the most striking revelation was that you can take man out of the Earth's atmosphere, but you can't leave his problems behind.

The swarming messages coming from Col. Jack Lousma and Col. Gordon Fullerton in their two-tiered cockpit sounded at times remarkably like the domestic complaints of a couple trying to cope with the warp speed of modern life. For the first three days both astronauts were having trouble sleeping, the thermostat on their disease house having been set too high at night and too low in the morning. Lousma, who slept in his cockpit seat, also complained of high frequency static from his headset, especially when flying over India and China. A sleeping pill was prescribed.

Like 30 per cent of all space travelers, Lousma was particularly affected by motion sickness—an occupational hazard of circling the Earth every 90 minutes at an altitude of 200 km. Pain-bron complained of a "faintness" in his stomach which, after a long-distance call to his doctor, was diagnosed as gas.

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After two days of minor irritations, the astronauts were described by NASA officials as "not feeling very chipper." The next day they were allowed a sleep in Basil Flight Director Neil Blumhagen. "We really need to get the crew back on the straight and narrow."

There were other trials as well. A Florida frost fry was bawling hysterically around. The toilet, a space-age contraption that resembles a combination of a Cessna and an outboard, broke down in mid-flight. Not only that, about 40 heat-resistant tiles fell off the surface of the 40.5-m-long vehicle, and two of Columbia's TV cameras went on the fritz. It seemed as though as if the astronauts needed a basic repairman more than their bank of auto-accurate at NASA's mission control in Houston.

Other minor technical problems also troubled Columbia, including the loss of three radio channels. But by week's end she had proved as scrappy as one that married her two previous flights, and NASA officials boasted that things were going so well that Columbia could stay in space an extra day or two if weather conditions for Monday's planned landing at White Sands, N.M., proved to be a problem.

The slightly late STS-51-L did not seem to dampen the spirits of the 750,000 on-lookers who crowded on highways and beaches near Cape Canaveral. With pride in his voice, President Ronald Reagan, who watched the launch on TV, hailed it as "a magnificent achievement."

Perhaps no single achievement was greater than the flawless flexing of the shuttle's Canadian-made (by Spar Aerospace Ltd. of Toronto) bionic arm, which got its first heavy workout in outer space. The painted 16-in. arm, which weighs 411 kg and in two took to support itself on Earth, guided its first test with flying colors when it effor-

lessly lifted a 360-kg counter containing experimental instruments. However, the flight commander, then turned the arm to see how it reacted to stress by firing Columbia's rockets and causing the ship to pitch and roll. Despite the movement, the \$300-million arm kept a steady grip.

Although TV pictures confirmed to Canadians that there now had the right stuff, and the problem was when Leonard said "The operation is smooth, I am really impressed with that piece of machinery." The hope was that that would still be the verdict after even more testing and Columbia's return to Earth. □

Taxing times for the reverend

Although he is a self-confessed man of the cloth, the enigmatic Rev. Sun Myung Moon has always had to suffer the cold remarks of the sceptics. The term "Moonie" has often been confused with "money" is discussion about the fortunes of the 41-year-old Korean-born evangelist founder of the Unification Church—a religious cult with a worldwide following of three million. Last week, in a Massachusetts federal district court, Moon's financial dealings got a more public hearing when he appeared on charges of tax evasion totalling more than \$146,000.

According to a 19-point federal indictment, Moon deposited \$1.6 million in cash in a number of New York bank accounts. Then, between 1972 and 1975, he used the money for his own "personal and business purposes" while failing to report almost all of the \$112,800 in interest accruing from the accounts. Not only that, but Moon allegedly received \$56,000 in stock in 1972 from his company, Tong Il Enterprises—a company that imports gifts, jewelry and other Korean merchandise—which he also failed to report. Moon and a high-ranking Moonie aide, Takara Kimura, are also charged with conspiracy to file bogus tax returns, committing perjury and obstructing the U.S. investigation. The conspiracy charge alone could lead to a five-year jail term. Each tax count carries a maximum three-year sentence.

The trial is expected to last more than a month and prove as contentious as an oriental puzzle, with Moon arguing that he misinterpreted U.S. banking laws. He said he was the first of many expatriated Buddhist nuns to begin. When Moon's defence team argued that Judge Gerard Goettel to hear the case without a jury Moon, dressed in a dark suit and bright tie, heard interrogators explain his plot that police had shown he was



Moon goes to court in tax evasion charge

so controversial that an impartial panel could not be found to try him. Goettel decided he would hear the case himself only if a sensible jury could not be found.

It is not the first time Moon has had with American jurisdiction. He owns two ranching estates in upstate New York, and check receipts in the United States reportedly total \$30 million annually. His diverse business holdings—which include large fishing fleets, a New York-based daily newspaper, a manufacturing and industrial empire, as well as insurance firms—have already prompted one New York appellate court to rule that his church was established merely for the purpose of moving money than scale. Since 1971, when U.S. immigration officials began investigating whether or not Moon and his followers had entered the country illegally, he has been an elusive target, trading to his business affairs from abroad and travelling extensively in South America.

Moon's defence team will argue that the indictment is little more than a witch-hunt based on "racial and religious bigotry." The American spokesman, Moses Davis, describes the tax fraud charges as an "orchestrated attempt to assassinate" his character. But Moon has been a contentious figure ever since 1974, when he burst on the American scene. His mind-numbing blend of Bible-thumping evangelism and mentalism has since aroused parental fears that his church brainwashes the converts who stand prostrate on street corners. The court's decision is unlikely to remove that aura of controversy.

—JANE O'LEARY in New York

BUSINESS

The Reichmanns recharge the Battery

By James Fleming

Paul Reichmann is not a man given to using superlatives to describe his business prowess. In rare interviews, he normally breaks off at exasperation: the economists based on him and his brother Albert for their performance at the helm of their private affairs, Toronto-based Olympia & York Developments Ltd. (O & Y). They have maintained that modesty despite the dazzling growth of the company from a small real estate business into the world's largest development company. O & Y now has real estate assets estimated at \$5.5 billion and the firm has at least another \$1.25 billion tied up in assets of natural resources, trust and real estate companies. But his work Reichmann was particularly affable—in a relative sense, of course—following O & Y's latest coup in what has been described as the largest real estate transaction in history. O & Y signed a \$2.94-billion U.S. deal with American Express Co. in which the U.S. debt funded over its present Manhattan headquarters to the Canadian developers for \$500 million and agreed to lease a tower in O & Y's nearby Battery Park City project.

And if Ames officials were happy about the added room that the 51-story tower will provide for their operations when it is completed in 1985, O & Y officials were no less pleased at the 30-year lease signed by Ames that will generate an estimated \$2 billion in rental revenue. Not only that, Paul Reichmann told *Money* in an interview, the Ames move assures the success of a "unique and forward-looking project." That, in turn, he added, will create the office centre of the highest standards in New York City.

Strong claims for a Reichmann. But observers on both sides of the border shared his enthusiasm. Henry Altier of New York's Alter International promptly termed the deal "a classical real estate coup." At the same time, Ross Cowan, a real estate analyst with McCleod Young Wray in Toronto, said the deal means that "the momentum of

the Battery Park project is taking off."

The consensus was that by landing Ames as a second major tenant—the first to sign a lease with City Investing Corporation—O & Y was well on its way to fulfilling its prediction that the complex, which will be called the World Financial Center, will become the new nerve of New York's financial district.



Ames, Reichmann and Sanford Whit with Paul Ames at a press conference

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the deal, however, was that it took place at a time when demand in both the United States and Canada for office space is waning. In a half-century, the economies in these two countries had grown to a point where a vast amount of office space is flooding the market. The attention is causing many major developers that are active in the United States to sell off projects or close them as build. The dismal situation has also led to changes in the United States that the Canadian developers have never been tempted—backed by eager-to-behaved banks—and are now paying the price.

But the Reichmanns brothers seem to be operating in a different development universe. In the face of analysts' charges that he took an enormous risk

by buying Ames's present headquarters, Paul remains confident. His company, he said, has found the rental market in New York to be "very good at present." Much of the available space at the old Ames building, he explained, would be filled by overflow from the O & Y-owned office tower at 55 Water St. As well, two or three banks are interested in the Ames building.

Nor has Reichmann's company had any difficulty finding devoted bankers to finance its projects. But like other developers, he told *Money*, O & Y has resorted to some imaginative financing arrangements to secure long-term funds. In fact, the Battery Park project, he said, has been partly financed by a 30-year loan from a "major lender" in which the latter would retain a share of the rental cash flow. However, the project beginning in its sixth year of operation.

It is not surprising that the Reichmann operation continues to thrive at a time when its competitors are suffering from the economic downturn. One of the unique traits of the Reichmann clan has been its ability to make business coups by going against prevailing economic wisdom. The first

such success came soon after the family emigrated to Canada from Moscow in the early 1920s—the last of a series of moves that began when the family fled Hungary for Austria in the 1910s. From there, they moved to the Russian Revolution, then moved on to Moscow in the 1930s as the Nazi threat grew in Austria. After acquiring a taste for American living, moving to the building of a warehouse for the family's first Canadian venture, Olympia & York Wall To Go Co. The brothers turned their talents to development on a large scale.

One of their first successes came in 1962 when, in a move that was deemed foolhardy at the time, they selected a site in Don Mills, in the northeast hinterland of Toronto, for an office tower development. Today the move is hailed



Canadian arm at work: the right stuff

for its foresight. Breen once told the *Businessweek* 1976 purchase of eight office buildings in Manhattan for a bargain-basement \$350 million. At the time, New York City was near bankruptcy and other developers were avoiding its real estate like the plague. Today the buildings acquired by the Breenmans have at least tripled in value.

With last week's deal, the Breenmans appear to have reached yet another controversial scheme with their name used. For at least a decade before they came on the scene, plans for the Battery Park project had come and gone, giving rise to growing skepticism that the 16-acre-long strip beside the Hudson River would ever be anything more than a barren patch of landfill. But it is only a matter of months before the Breenmans' latest dream will begin to take shape. And an imposing sight it will be. The complex has been designed by the renowned L.B. architect Cesar Pelli. And, he told *Businessweek*, it will be "completely in harmony with the importance to the Breen/Weitz Center." The four major glass-and-granite towers at its heart, he said, will be "proud forms celebrating height," but at their bases they will be "more open and responsive" in a way that the sterile skyscrapers of the 1960s and '70s were not. But if the Breenmans have pulled off another coup, it is also clear that the



World Financial Center (foreground): the new name of New York's financial district

rewards of their scheme are not confined to U.S. assets. Officials point out that the \$140-million capital gain resulting from the sale of their building will also then be paid out of a share of low-yield, long-term bonds at a 10% rate. The capital gain, explained Ames Chairman James Robertson III, will be written off against the loss on the bonds at tax time. Not only that, but under the terms of the agreement, Ames has an

option to buy 50 percent of the equity in its new quarters when the bond matures. As a result, it was no surprise that everyone was all smiles as Ames and U.S. offers paid for the cameras last week broke the flashy architectural model of the project. Nor was it surprising that in the wake of the deal Paul Breenman allowed himself a temporary lapse in modesty.

Wall Street Journal on New York.

The senator's sons come of age

By Ian Brown

A return—even within the dubby and often law-free confines of Toronto's business establishment—has a way of smoothing out sharp edges. It is more than 20 years since the late Senator James McCracken and his brother Fred, multimillionaire businessmen who—despite their best efforts—have found themselves at the center of increasing attention from colleagues and the public alike in the wake of their latest venture, the acquisition of a controlling share in Traders Group Ltd., a venerable \$3.6-billion financial empire.

By takeover standards, the February deal was small. For an estimated \$6 million the brothers bought out the 30-percent interest of siblings James (Jimmy) Redfern Chatter, who recently died, in Traders' parent, Canadian General Securities Ltd. (CGS). (Added to their existing shares, the deal was then controlled by one.) But the implications of the deal are far-reaching. As the Traders assets are Generali Trust, Canada's eighth-largest trust company and a slew of insurance, finance, real estate and other concerns, all comprising the 11th-largest financial company in the

country.

Last week, speculation increased that Traders' future prospects will brighten under a soon-to-be-revived Trust Company. But that will give such companies a wider share of the money market. But the McCrackens were clinging to their share for too long. As James put it,

Fred's attracting the most accolade



"We're not around to develop personalities."

That may grow increasingly difficult because of the McCrackens' growing reputation within the business community. Like most McCracken family undertakings, the Traders takeover was as devious as a loaded die at an art auction. Nevertheless, it represented the coming of age not only of Traders' Alex Marchessault, its public-facing chairman, but also of the Trust Company Association of Canada in May—but, more important, of the second-generation financial dynasty started by the late Wallace McCracken. The smaller firm Gurney, Inc., was one of the late Red McCracken's founding Angus partners, and he would have approved—not only of the way his boys have parlayed an original \$3-million investment in CGS into control of Traders' \$3.6-billion assets, but of the way the deal held their egos together not so much with money as with loyalty to their establishment friends. In a world long with egoists shouting for the limelight, they are the ultimate inside players.

Their call to action was to. After their father's death in 1960, the world opened up for the McCracken brothers as it only can for the children of a man whose estate is estimated to have been worth at least \$25 million. (Steen and

Barbara McCracken, his daughters, live in Toronto, and a third son, Douglas, now operates Borealis Laundry Ltd., a laundrette service, after spending some time sailing in the Caribbean.) James was a practicing trial lawyer at Shilling, Riggles and McCracken, a Toronto law firm, when, in 1975, he and Chatter spent \$6 million between them to buy 50 per cent of 725 Shaw Avenue Ltd. Ames was a notorious aggressive engineering company run in the early 1970s by Norman Stepien and financial wizard Andy Surlin. Initially, Chatter and McCracken were a team. They agreed—in writing—to vote their shares as a block in all matters, even in the election of directors. But by 1981 Chatter decided he wanted out, and results of negotiations resulted in February's deal. Now, when not in corporate James concentrates his analytic mind on Generali Trust and the insurance companies, whose shareholding he is said to enjoy.

But it is Fred—a virtual party boy compared to his elder brother—who has attracted the most attention from his colleagues. As Ralph Hadlin, a former Traders director put it, "If there's one thing he's going to follow in father's footsteps, it's Fred." In 1980, when he was 30, Fred proved himself a asset on the Toronto Stock Exchange (TSX) for \$105,000. The following year he helped launch Lowndes Onstade & McCracken Co. Ltd. (LON), a successful Toronto institutional brokerage firm. Then, he spent so much time at the bar that in 1975 he was elected to chairman. "He is a financial genius," enthuses Chris Onstade, a close friend. "I think we could have never really kept him for more than two or three years."

Onstade was right. In 1977 Fred left LON and started Archana Securities Ltd., a medium-sized investment firm, and Archana Management Ltd., a computer company whose software Fred markets internationally. LON still handles Archana's retail stock sales, and McCracken and Onstade can be seen of a Saturday discussing financial transactions or buying property. Onstade goes for Frederick Verner's work, while McCracken seems to prefer blooming Homer Watsons.

The entire Archana operation—the word is Greek for operation, the spinner of wheels—is run out of a bright, airy office in the middle of long, private Barncliffe Airport, 40 km northwest of Toronto. It was from this office, as a major shareholder of Patten N.Y., Peter Breenman's corporate partner in his successful takeover of Borealis Ltd. in 1979, that McCracken bought 30,000 shares of Borealis in the London Stock Exchange at 4.30 a.m. as an arm's-length deal to acquire the TSE's disclosure laws last September, when McCracken

and Patrick Breenman, who runs his own family investment trust down the hall from Fred, sold out of Borealis, the two friends pocketed well over \$30 million. It's the sort of deal that wins a reputation for brilliance.

Currently McCracken and Norman Breenman, Borealis' chairman to large chunks of Borealis Ltd. the Breenmans' subsidiaries that own 40 per cent of Noranda Mines. McCracken still serves on the executive committee of Borealis' board with his good friend Trevor Ryan, Borealis' chief executive officer, and Jack Coward, its executive vice-president. Or, if not there, perhaps he'll be at the Stridler's Club on Toronto's Adelaide Street, or at the brightly lit offices of Conroy-Bennett Investments Ltd., a private club now worth, according to one member, well over \$2 million. Fred handles the company's portfolio. But when he isn't thinking up new ways to make money for his associates, he is said to enjoy



McCracken and the late Red McCracken, the family whose financial empire is the focus of the article

casuals money for Conservative Leader Joe Clark, "to get rid of the government, like any sane human being."

Now, however, with tempers on a depressed Bay Street wearing thin, some observers question the McCracken brothers' judgment in buying Traders when the old Generali Trust, its main subsidiary, is burdened with 35-year term mortgages that pay only six-per-cent interest, while the company pays much higher current interest rates for the new money it borrows. As it was, last year was Traders' worst since its incorporation. Wages in 1989 income alone dropped 73 per cent to \$2.6 million.

Other observers, however, think the McCrackens are may like their father—that is, not at all. For one thing, the value of their shares, which would never have been more than it was in February 1981, the troublesome mortgages were maturing in two or three years and the company's insurance

program was just coming out of the trough of the insurance industry's four-year cycle. At the same time, roughly 60 per cent of the company's assets were finally, embodied into short-term investments. Perhaps that is why that figure has been 65 per cent. That is why Fred McCracken chose now to buy Traders as "a proof, strong long-term investment with lots of possibilities—and some problems."

The smaller firm Gurney would have approved, but would he have been able to pull it off? With Traders assets well in hand, strategically positioned against takeover by the 30-per-cent share of CGS, the McCracken dynasty is secure in a way Angus Corp. almost was not, at least until Generali Bank flushed out the scene. Having owned the firm's father and his partners in matters of form, the quiet McCracken buys now turn their attention to the question of domestic originality. Will Traders remain a tightly held financial

empire? One that may not be in the venerable mortgage business, which Marchessault owns in a thing of the past. Perhaps more interesting for a company with those huge assets and many branches in the world of the LON, the future company that was restructured as Commercial Bank could Traders survive the transformation from finance and trust company to chartered bank—a transformation most observers say trust companies will have to undergo if they are to survive the onslaught of the new banks. On the way, as Alex Marchessault's pale hair office, next to the smog on the floor, there is a bronze relief of the Traders Bank, as unveiled 18th-century building outfit whose downtown Toronto headquarters took a block away from Traders' old office. It is a building that would imagine a chartered bank beating the McCracken standard. That would be a feat that could not help but attract real notice. □

Does the economy have spring?

By Rodrick McQueen

That wind you heard near the end of March was not the last of the snow sliding off the roof, warned by thin shards of spring sun. Nor was it the happy and joyful of leaving in the freshening breeze as late as the hunched toward the sun. (Is it what? even the last of the snow? It's the only wood as they returned, hunched, letting the world know of their flipping presence. No small bit of their words was unclear, a dull that, as the sun only hit bottom like a lumbering raft on a hidden sandbar. The question is this: now that the recession's depth has been discovered, will the economy bubble back to its normal state, or will it stay mired in a deepening slump?)

The answer is tough to find among the policymakers in Ottawa. Last week, Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Flory told a Senate committee that the economy was, in his spare words, "very weak." Canada, he said, must hang tough with present policies to achieve lower interest rates and lower inflation. Thank you, sir, and a cup of the frolic, too.

At the same time, Finance Minister Allan Rock has begun a series of meetings with business and labor leaders to look for ways to improve the economy. Each session will open with prayer and end with photographs.

Perhaps the reality has within the unknown land itself. Because spring, it can safely be stated, is shaking her way across the country in pretty rubber boots. British Columbia, of course, saw her in December when, some hours after the last was melted, the first deluge pelted. But now, even in Ottawa, folks believe are pushing from their beds as Parkland Hill. Below the Kurt Beck a carpet of crocuses blooms before the feet of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's statue, albeit aided a tad by an underground heating canal. Fishermen line the banks of rivers flowing into Lake Ontario. Life questions in the Quebec back and forth preparations have begun on the Prairie. In a country where survival of the amoeba means family of us all, it is a time of hope. And with

these signs of spring, some signs of economic recovery, faint smells of returning health.

The recession, of course, has been a worldwide plague. Internally, as the current oil glut drops prices, Canadians, who have been working behind a phony wall of lower costs, suffer the ultimate indignity as the recession's only price of good news passes on. Further, in West Germany and Holland, countries not so tied to every twitch of the American beast, interest rates were reduced, and, as in Britain, the recent budget appears to

will remain. Like the Canadian arm on the space shuttle, this country is but an economic appendage to the U.S. machine. That it is that the argument, anyone thought it may appear, between Federal Reserve Board Chairman Paul Volcker and President Ronald Reagan over the size of the U.S. federal deficit is more relevant to Canadians than which team will win the Stanley Cup. Volcker, who smokes 20-cent cigars as if he had taste, is the Rodney Dangerfield of central bankers. He can't get no respect. He has kept the lid on the money supply as long as that the economy of

U.S. has all but suffocated. Reagan, he of the rooster economics, has a different view: deep personal cuts and accelerated military spending. Wall Street awaits the outcome with debated breath.

In fact, Volcker may already have winked a bit, but saying that he will let the money supply grow a shade more quickly. Come May, when Congress must deal with the debt ceiling, look for Reagan to raise taxes a bit on his own demands. He will blame a hell. Congress in order to maintain his political credibility, but

he will reduce the planned deficit, thus allowing a second honeymoon in time for the June economic summit in Versailles. After all, as the late Senator Everett Dirksen once said: "A billion here, a billion there, pretty soon it adds up to real money."

As the policy shifts will drift more apparent in the days ahead, North American interest rates will become more and consumer spending will heat up. And a mild new privilege of better times. Any economy, after all, is merely, as a technocrat said of faith, a collection of rational people looking for the light. Who better, then, to have a change than a happy old faith healer who can take an assassin's bullet and walk to aid. Six months from now, it will be apparent that the economic up-tick came to both countries with the spring. Equally likely, Canada by then may be moving the roller coaster down again. Recovery is a fragile plant. And as this North American slide, the growing season in soil too close,



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As the birth date draws near, speculation over the name for *Princess of Wales* and *Princess of Wales's first baby* is growing in the U.K. Recently typed forecasts of it's a boy—*an George* and *David*. George would have England's patron saint and *King George VI*. David would commemorate the petrus name of Wales and the late *Duke of Windsor*. Other likely bets: *Philip*, after *Prince Philip*, and *Albert*, the first name of *King George VI*, known as the *Royal Family in Berlin*. If the baby is a girl, *Elizabeth*, after the *Queen* and the *Queen Mother*, or *Victoria* or *Alexandra*. Complicating the name game even further, the *Princess of Wales* is expected to be at least one name of her own choice. For a boy, she may revive a medieval English name: *God*, *Richard*, *Geoffrey* or *Arthur*. Or, the other hand, friends of the royal couple are predicting *Louis* for a boy. Leave for a girl, in memory of *Princess Charles's* beloved uncle, *Lord Louis Mountbatten*.

Since royal babies are customarily given at least four names, the final decision—expected in June—could include any one of the above.

A lawyer knows better than anyone that there is nothing left to fear in court. And it is a safe bet that U.S. Attorney General *William French Smith* would be a bit frazzled in Supreme Court. *Justice William Rehnquist* nearly 36 years ago when she applied for a position at his Los Angeles law firm. Despite her top grades at Stanford University's law school, O'Connor was having trouble finding work in the male-dominated legal profession. While Smith's firm refused her, O'Connor as a lawyer made her a counterpoint. "We did something no other law firm did," notes the man whose current responsibilities include offering statistics against discrimination on the basis of sex. "We offered her a ceremonial position." O'Connor turned him down. The next is history.

Moreover, *Lee and Dick*. Here come *Brooke and John John*. America's 15-year-old sweetheart and a 20-year-old star of the *Baywatch* series in Providence, R.I., last week, smiling cameras that *Shirley* would attend the *TV League* awards next year when she

graduates from high school. Kennedy, who majors in American history at the college, already has his father's reputation as a sweetener, but with Brooke as his arm, the handsome 21-year-old barely, mentioned a second phrase. "She was so beautiful!" said a star-struck *Carin Bauman*, who aided Shirley when the couple stopped into the campus pizza parlor where she works. Bauman, who didn't recognize Kennedy, had no qualms about asking, "Have you met the boy with Brooke Shirley?" He didn't make up anything," she reports.

London-based author *Paul Theroux* declares that he is so passionate in some of his fictional characters he sometimes is sure for at least one name he returned to his native America recently.



The expected royal couple will be a *Baron* or a *Lord*?

to promote his latest novel, *The Moonstone Coast*. "It was near *Three Mile Island*," says Theroux, "and it is absolutely terrifying what has happened. I honestly believe the end of the world won't be war, but some blunder." Sounding suspiciously like the main character in his satirical book, *Theroux* predicts that "we will see a massive nuclear meltdown that will destroy a vast part of this hemisphere" within the next 30 years. But, unlike *Coat's* family—which moves to Honduras to avoid the impending holocaust in America—Theroux is content to stay in Britain deriving "a little piece of mind" from chasing out black outsiders.

It's Tuesday, it must be *Marketplace*—or so thought *Marshall Alwood* last week as he satgazed copies of his latest novel, *Shirley Ryan* (which has just been released in the United States), at a West Side bookstore. Two weeks there of a 100-watt American pro-

duction tour, the writer writer signed book after book, looking pleased when one loyal reader said, "I usually don't come on Tuesday nights." Who, said Alwood? "It's a *Flamingo Road* fan," he explained seriously. It was an example of her drawing power. Earlier that day, she sat for *Vogue* photographers, who were shooting her for a special Canadian issue in June. The night before, Alwood attended American in their New York City. *Dickinson* and *Ann Beattie* (whom she had never met) to a publishing party at her home at a sought Upper East Side townhouse. What did Alwood and Beattie say to each other over cocktails? "We each said we liked one another's work and then we talked about drinks." Alwood treated with unassuming cynicism.

His friends report that *Bob Dylan* has been born again—again. Dylan (now *Rabbi Benjamin*) has returned to his Jewish roots after a fling with fundamentalism. The 1960s king of protest music—formerly a celebrated agnostic—renounced his Jewish beliefs in the 1970s and then switched to Christianity, reaffirming his new religion with baptism in singer *Paul Simon's* pool. Such radical shifts have made much of his following. Recent evangelizing recordings (*Shirley Temple* *Coming Around*) and a number of tours were featured in comparison with past ventures. And now a resurgence from Dylan's often reports. "My interpretation is that the New Testament and Jesus were a message he thought he got, but that he was still testing." For his part, Dylan cocked an eyebrow to present the National Music Publishers Association's gospel song of the year award last week. "He often explained 'He won't have time for his to be in California for his son's bar mitzvah'."

While officials in Argentina vault into over whether or not to allow the killing of 48,000 prisoners to manufacture food prices and gloom, Toronto annual trustee *Bill Wallace* plans to "stop the slaughter before it starts" by abolishing his forces quickly. "It is no good sitting over a camera on one fire and seeing," says Wallace. Last week he gathered thousands of signatures at the city's *Sportmen's Show*, and actor *Peter O'Toole* and *Wags*



Alwood (left) and a fan in New York posing for a photo. Chaffing with Beattie.



Borgesian Dylan, David Pinner, and (below) Dale with Welsh's electry get



James *Kids* *McCarthy* earlier said that he could add their names to the position. "We are also trying to get *David Palmer* and *Jack Nicholson* to sign—they might be expected to wear the gloves," says *Valerie*. *Princess Books* *Canada Ltd.* is willing to finance the entire marketing for the first-edition copies, but the action from *Valerie's* other high-profile target—the *NBC's* *Pittsburgh Penguins*—was anything but encouraging. "Right now we're only interested in winning hockey games," says team spokesman *Terry Schiller*.

Maritime Attorney General *Robert Pinner* says he is pleased "Why the hell they're bothering with it now escapes me." he says. Pinner was returning to a controversial head of office for a short-term article in the *Financial Post*. Pinner last week detailing his former Communist party affiliation. Apparently, the U.S. state department has never crossed Pinner's name off its list of undesirable aliens, even though he renounced his party membership more than 20 years ago. In theory, Pinner was barred from entering the United States without a waiver, but the 57-year-old lawyer has not had any difficulty when travelling to New York and he seems to have been born again by all the fun. "The *Five* *Pinner* seems to run a quarterly report on that," he says. Pinner has no plans to approach the U.S. consulate general in Winnipeg to have his name removed from the pink list. "I'll come to it," he says. "When I come to it." And as for the *Five* *Pinner* "I think it's just trying to fill in the space between the ads."

Jennifer Dale has looked into two extensions when business comes. First, she landed a lead in one of the most coveted roles in American production. In the summer, *Empire*, for And, because the location shooting is in Hollywood, she is enjoying the stability of working out of the home she shares with her husband, *Robert LaTour*, and their 15-year-old son, *Arnie*. Another factor for the Toronto-born actress, that many of the French crew members on the set, *Radio Canada* and *National Film Board* production are people she remembers from her film *Sonance*. "I feel like I am working with my second family," says Dale. She mentions a dream, which follows the escapades of a whimsical industrial fiction (*Kenneth Welsh*) from the Depression to 1960, features Dale as his headstrong, wild and daring daughter. If that sounds like a close match for *Valerie* or *ABC-TV's* popular *Agony*, Dale does not object. But "It's not so much of a snap opera," she says. "It's more of a cross between *Dalton* and *Beck* and *Beck*."

—WRITTEN BY BARBARA BENTON

The gospel according to Frye

By Mark Carnevali

Halfway through a lecture on the Book of Job, Northern Frye stops his typewriter for thought and asks, "Are there any questions?" Another lecture would resume talking his megalomaniac of his hands appeared but not Frye. He waits, and waits, and waits. The class squawks. Who dares ask a question of the great Northern Frye? The vast labor of his massive forehead twitch under the strain—his longest pause has been tried at more than three minutes—but still he waits. Sometimes, a student will ask a question, any question, just to dispel the mutual embarrassment of the teacher choking the room, and the dancing rove tower in which Frye's reputation has incriminated him is evoked—if only for a moment. The answer comes back, swift and complete, as if Frye had been thinking of nothing else all night. The lecture resumes, the students pick up their pens and the legend of Northern Frye grows again.

This month, the leg and begins to assume near-mythical proportions. Frye, Canada's pre-eminent teacher, literary critic and cultural philosopher, has just published what many consider his

last work, *The Great Code* (Book, page 46). This breathtaking study of biblical narrative and images will consolidate his reputation as one of the century's master thinkers. Not only that, the University of Toronto's Media Centre has launched a 30-part video series of Frye's lectures and seminars on the Bible for use in archives, on TV and in classrooms around the world. Said Frye with a grin, "I am glad to be picked and preserved for posterity."

For more than 40 years, Frye's courses on literature, criticism and the Bible at Victoria College in the University of Toronto have been earning him a worldwide reputation. The respected

American scholar Harold Bloom has hailed him as "the leading theoretician of literary criticism among all those writing in English today." In a recent lecture tour to Italy he was honored by academics and featured in the opening episode of a television series on the century's most influential personalities. Frye's 19 books and hundreds of articles have fueled doctoral theses from Sweden to Guyana. *Frye's Spenser*, his pioneering work on the late 19th-century Romantic poet William Blake, is regarded even now, 25 years after it first appeared, as the classic in its field. Meanwhile, his monumental *Archaeology of Culture*, published in 1970, has redefined the ground rules of literary criticism.

upon finally on the book stands, he is relieved that the daily, solitary ride to his tiny, book-strewn office at Victoria will no longer end up with pages of *The Great Code* marching out of his 18th-century

Bible, as Frye approaches 70, there is more work to be done. In progress is a companion volume examining the Bible's influence on Western literature, a book of essays on Canadian culture, a series of lectures on Shakespeare's problem comedies, the editings of the collected works of the seminal Canadian communications philosopher Harold Innis, and various critical essays. "I've got this damn monkey on my back and it won't get off," he says, hunched by his own dynamism.

And now, increasingly frail and hard of hearing, Frye wonders whether his mind's reach will end and his body's grasp be soon loosed. "At my age, time is a—time is everything."

Nevertheless, Frye continues lecturing to undergraduates at a pace in his career when most scholars have gleefully sloughed their teaching loads. "All of my books have essentially been lectures," muses the teacher, not master of scholarship, "he says. (not referring to sound broadcast. Teaching is a sacred charge for him,

and knowledge is sacred.)" Frye is a man devoted toward a more exalted society. There is an unmistakable exemplum in his willingness to promote his theories of literature on countless lecture tours around the world. His ideas in effect constitute a way of life. Says Frye, "I'm really building everything around a public personal vision, a vision I think I've had since I was a child."

Frye expresses this vision in familiar terms. In essence, it is the story of "how man came to be in a Garden of Eden, how that world was lost and how we came to be able to get it back again." He does not consider this an exclusively Judeo or Christian story, nor is he concerned with the dogma and ethical

doctrines that have accompanied it. His vision is spiritual in the broadest sense, and he sees the same pattern of loss and redemption repeated throughout Western literature.

Frye believes that although we may never recapture his lost paradise on earth, his ability to imagine such a world is what makes him human. "The real utopia is a world not to set but to be," Frye explains. The imagination at play between these eternally separate poles of reality and desire is the source of literary creation and man's greatest liberating force. In the words of poet and critic Frank Davey, "Frye calls for a return to wholeness—a wholeness in which the dream transforms and humanizes the actual. Thus for Frye literature is education, enlarging both the reader's tolerance for his fellow man and his understanding of life."

Although Frye's vision has been with him all his life, it did not find a specific focus until he was a graduate student. Late one night, writing as usual as Blake, he experienced an epiphany, a sudden overwhelming insight into the meaning of his poetry. In that moment, Frye realized that Blake's complex "prophetic" poems were not the ravings of a madman, as critics had claimed, but reflected fundamental patterns that could be found in all of Western literature. These patterns, he believed, were "all related to a central myth whose primary basis is the Bible."

Frye's deep affinity for Blake has low parallels in literary criticism, and the two men are strangely similar in many ways. Like Frye, Blake was short and stocky, married but had no children, was largely self-educated and spent his life elaborating a single, compelling vision of man and art. "Every body has a certain number of ideas built in, like eggs in a female," says Frye, and his own ideas matured under Blake's influence. On that night, *Frye's Spenser* was born, and it led the foundations for all his later work, culminating in *The Great Code*, whose title is in fact taken from a marginal scribble on one of Blake's engravings: "The Old and New Testaments are the Great Code of Art."

With his delirious working routine transcribing his vision to paper, Frye has little time for leisure. In any case, the distinction between work and play is largely meaningless to him. Whether reading for pleasure (recent fiction ranks high) or playing the piano (18th- and 19th-century composers are favored), Frye is never really off duty. He has to wall himself off in order to complete his work and he has paid huge house fees for his privacy. Although

Frye with 'Code': dynamical creativity



Victoria College where Frye can say almost without embarrassment



an acute sense of responsibility drives him to accept such figured positions as membership on the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission and the chairmanship of Triadina University, he is at ease in social situations and others don't talk. Not that many people try. His serene spiritual vision, brilliant intellect and acerbic wit cause him to be accepted to make him appear unimpressed and aloof.

That problem has not escaped his attention. "I got approached in stereotypes," notes Frye delicately. "People say, 'Look at that great devil-dome—he's actually nice.' Inevitably." Yet those who know him are unanimous in extolling his warmth and generosity. Bob Bauder, a former student who has just completed the video series on Frye, comments: "He knows the world fairly—his head and heart aren't divided. But I don't think he realizes how much he knows and is loved." Adds Jane Widdowson, Frye's personal secretary for the past 15 years: "He thinks of himself as just a regular guy." She speaks of him with that affection when she asked him to give her away in marriage. He replied, "No...but I'll be you."

True, Frye was a scholar who always expected. But Frye is a trickster at heart, an English monkey god whose every joke—delivered deadpan and often mild in nature—is as frequently at his own expense. Before the Making of the video series, he suggested to Stoddler that "the camera might find it easier to follow me if I painted my half top red." And among the voluminous anecdotes about him is the story (true, as it happens) about the graduate student who had it thrusts pinned with brilliant symbols crowding a brief shot of the master.

Ticked by the result, Frye—a man to all appearances born in a towel jacket and tie—stained his students by writing one to class. When he laughs, the Professorial folds of his face sink in the warmth of an inner light, transforming the door sage into a laughing Buddha.

Yet Frye is neither saint nor hero. Asked once how he coped with the attention heaped upon him, he replied, "For a teacher, patience has to be a substitute for love." Patience can also replace satisfaction, however. A former

The scholarly edifice Frye constructs is mortared in language so persuasive it is hard to refute

student recalls that Frye's effective method of engaging students at a late arrival was to halt in mid-sentence until the offender had settled down, then pick up his train of thought as if nothing had happened. That tactic drove at least one habitual tardy to change course.

One of the many paradoxes about Frye is that, despite the tireless nature of his thought, he bears the strong imprint of a childhood he describes as "I always wanted to get away from." Born in Sherbrooke, Que., in 1912, he soon moved with his family to Moncton, N.B. A devoted and devoted mother taught him to read and play piano at the age of 3 and educated him at home until Grade 4. The Bible was omnipresent in

Addressing graduate students: teaching is a sacred charge for him

Frye's childhood, and he traces the far-distant past he absorbed then to a "land of crap" which only mirrored his group when he was a young teenager. At 15, though Frye always wanted to be a writer, he eventually realized he "didn't have the right eye for fiction—I just saw discarded patterns." Nicknamed "Professor" for his bookish ways and scholastic indispositions, he finished high school and entered a national typing contest in Toronto. His second-place finish was no fluke; if typing were an Olympic sport, Frye would still stand a chance of winning a medal.

But the shy, laid-back Moncton underdog, a radical transformation once he enrolled at Victoria in 1929. Photographs in the college literary magazine, *Acta Victoriana*, show a handsome youth with gentle eyes and a shy grin. He blossomed as a social being, joined the debating society and wrote a gossip column in *Acta*, advising (frankly on proper behavior at getting parties). During a play rehearsal he met Anna's future art editor, Helen Kemp, whom he later married. Their romance was duly noted in Frye's gossip column in this supposedly overheard dialogue employing one of his beloved "world's worst puns": "Helen G.E. 'Could never marry a man who wasn't boy.' Pyrene 'In which case he would probably be asparagus for life.'"

Like many intellectuals at the time, Frye was interested in social reform. A longtime friend, Ray Gaffney, remembers evenings with Frye, Marley Calhoun and Barker Finley when the group "just sat around the fire changing the world." Although Frye was apas-

ionate to the League for Social Reconstruction and the CCP, he says, "I always retained the idea of engagement—political occasions seemed to me a damned nuisance. I was wrapped up in literary studies."

Originally Frye had intended to be both a writer and a minister, viewing the latter role in the English canon: person teacher as a symbol of the estimated life. But three years at Memorial College, Victoria's theological graduate school, and a novel posting to a Saskatchewan parish in 1936 convinced him he could best serve the church and society by living the academic life. He was clearly cut out for. After morning at St. Aidan's—although he has been awarded 36 honorary doctorates Frye never pursued a PhD—he accepted a teaching post at Victoria in 1939. His life was finally unfolding as it should. "I remember thinking, 'Now I've got the wife I want and I've got the job I want. Who the hell couldn't my life have begun at this point instead of sleeping all the way up here?'"

Victoria clearly suited him. Firmly rooted in southern Ontario Methodism, the college has nurtured more than its share of Canadians who have shaped



With wife, Helen, teaching the nation about what it needs

the elusive national identity. For Frye, teaching at Victoria was also a way of fulfilling his ministry. As he puts it, "I've always been attracted to an institution with a religious connection—it's the only place where you can use the words 'sacred' and 'vicarious' without embarrassment." The secular chapel of

every university is its library, and Victoria's is named after one of Frye's cultural mentors, the poet and scholar E.J. Pratt. It is appropriate that the graduation scene in the Pratt reading room is a portrait of Frye—musicians, readers, poets at half mast—sitting, suspended as if on a tremendous sky as an invisible throne.

The publication of *Poetical Works* in 1947 and his subsequent appointment to full professor marked another turning point in Frye's life. With that one book he established himself as a major poet and himself as a major critic. However, growing there also brought increasing isolation from colleagues and students. Undergraduates who had confided problems both academic and personal stopped knocking at his door. This isolation, Frye has commented, led to feelings of increased stress, and, ignoring offers from other universities in Canada and elsewhere, he stayed on at Victoria. "A person deeply interested in teaching can't make too many moves." Frye before us, a long time to understand your students' cultural assumptions.

Among those students were many

Thoughts of a great scholar

On Literature:

"Scholarship in Canada has so often been written with more conscience and authority, and has attracted greater recognition, than the literature itself."

On the Bible:

"The Bible should be taught in early and so thoroughly that it sinks its roots to the bottom of the mind where everything that comes along can settle on it."

On Canada's history:

"When we don't think of Canadian history as dull we look at it as the atrocity—a pageant of cancer, fire and tortures."

On the human language of the New World:

"The human language of the New World shows a conquest of nature in an intelligence that does not love it."

On Nationalism:

"Canada has passed from a geographical to a geo-national phase without ever having become a nation."

On the Canadian identity:

"Americans like to make money. Canadian like to audit it. I know of no country where accountants have a higher social and moral status."

"The fundamental question in English Canada is not 'Whom?' but 'Where is home?'—of coming imaginatively in contact with the country."

"We are being swallowed up by the popular culture of the United States, but then the Americans are being swallowed up by it. It's just as much a threat to American culture as it is to ours."

"The Canadian identity is bound up with the feeling that the end of the rainbow never falls on Canada."

On War:

"War appeals to young men because it is fundamentally anti-rationality."

On Language:

"There is only one way to degrade mankind permanently and that is to destroy language."

On Tradition:

"The new Africa is our only crystal ball—there is no mirror to the future except the analogy of the past."

On Writing:

"I certainly do reserve my critical right in every book, and would never read or trust any writer who did not also do so."

"The most technologically efficient machine that man has ever invented is the book."

On Teaching:

"No teaching is worth doing unless it has a substantial quality to it."

On Separatism:

"Separatism is a very healthy movement within culture. It's a dissent movement within politics and awareness."

On Education:

"Scientists who consider the study of humanities worthless are just children."

"We must reject that most damnable and foolish notion that education is a preparation for life."

one contributor to Canada's culture, including Margaret Atwood, Margaret Atwood, George Johnston, Dennis Lee, Jay MacPherson and James Beaulieu. Atwood shares the common notion that their work was influenced by his theories. "People assume he carried some odd Swedish-like influence on young minds," she says, "but his great strength was that he took writing seriously." Adds Huxley: "He's not a guru—he makes you your own guru."

Frye provided encouragement in other ways as well. Atwood credits him with being particularly responsive for Victoria's journey.

His efforts in living and promoting women. And as editor of *The Canadian Forum* from 1968 to 1982 and literary reviewer for the *University of Toronto Quarterly* in the '60s, he examined the entire spectrum of Canadian writing as a regular habit. Says Atwood: "Frye forgot what a vacuum he was working in—there simply wasn't anybody else."

Frye's major statement about literature and the principles of literary criticism appears in his *Anatomy of Criticism*, one of the most influential works ever written on the subject. Its most controversial assumption is that literature is a world unto itself. In order to understand that "imaginative universe," according to Frye, the critic does not need to know, for example, that Shakespeare was an actor who lived in Elizabethan England. He shatters this kind of bourgeois criticism by pointing to his country-bumpkin past. "There are critics who can find things in the public records office," he says, "and there are critics who, like myself, could not find the public records office." Nor is it the critic's job to pass value judgments on literary works. "Others' considerations of greatness" are irrelevant, he says. All the critic requires is sensitivity, a willingness to be as objective as possible and a comprehensive knowledge of literature.

The scholarly editor Frye contrasts from the patterns of literature is motivated with a language so persuasive it's almost impossible to refute. As Lee puts it, "If you were within its assumptions you end up believing to hold it." Frye has many critics, though not all would agree with University of Toronto English Professor Dennis Duff, who has



With Entertainment: a comforting sense of everything in its place

questioned Frye's detachment with informality and has deplored the "disturbing, killingly abstract nature of his vision." Many students find Frye's seductive structure appealing, however. Says Victoria undergrad Angela Rosenblower: "He gives a comforting sense of everything being in its place."

Perhaps overembodied in his fame as a critic and teacher is the fact that Frye is also a great writer. His chosen form is the literary essay in the tradition of Hazlitt and T.S. Eliot. Even his major "books" are really constructed of indi-

As he becomes increasingly frail, Frye wonders whether his mind's reach will exceed his body's grasp

vidual essays, like bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. The most George Woodcock calls Frye "one of our finest literary craftsmen." His work is strewn with beautifully turned phrases and choice tidbits of information—during a discussion of anti-god myths in *The Great Gatsby*, Frye casually mentions that "the value is said to have developed out of the ritual shading of one's eyes before the glory of a superior countenance." His agnosticism, rhetorical art is more akin to poetry than prose, and one devoted follower has even demonstrated that lines from the *Anatomy* can be read as blank verse.

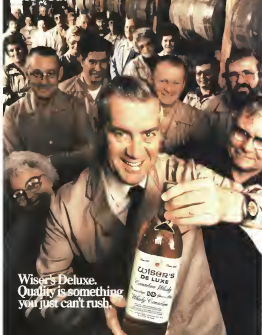
Not as well known as the *Anatomy* but perhaps equally important to Frye

is *Ulys*, of the imagination, a series of high-school readers for which he was the general editor. The selected readings in the 13-volume series are based on his literary theories and are intended to counter the ill effects of a public education system he terms "radioactive with ignorance and illiterate blather." Frye passionately believes in a traditional humanist education grounded in basic disciplines, especially poetry and other "serious" literature. Such an approach, he says, gives young people a sense of the "real" society—the world transformed by the creative imagination.

It is this imagination, he believes, that has led to the modern world. According to Frye, "The primary function of education is to make one unadjusted to ordinary society." Unfortunately, the series was introduced in the early '70s when educational philosophy stressed methodology rather than content. But as the pendulum swings back to the basics, sales are picking up. Frye himself believes poetic and mythmaking urges are surfacing again in popular culture, pointing out that Milton's *Paradise Lost* will be read for a student familiar with Bob Dylan's line, "There are no cities outside the gates of Eden."

Although his works have secured him a modest niche in the pantheon of contemporary thinkers, the memory of Frye is unclear in what Frye the man hopes will linger. In the instance of his teaching can be found as a distinction he draws between two kinds of art: art that clearly reveals the particular signature of its creator, such as the music of Schoenberg or Bach, and certain works by Bach and Mozart in which, as Frye put it, "an impersonal element enters, a sense of knowing in the voice of music itself. This, we feel, is the kind of thing most is all about, the kind of thing it wants to say." Likewise, the voice of drama speaks through Shakespeare and Sophocles. Frye views the ideal teacher as similar. "A teacher has to forget that he's a teacher. He's there as a person between the subject and his students, and the only thing he can do to help his students is to disappear and let his students teach itself. Listening to Northing Frye, it is difficult not to believe that one is hearing echoes from the voice of the human imagination itself. ☐

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Heady spoils to a hard-nosed victor

By Malcolm Gray

These 10-tonne image endures, and with good reason. Two former Teamster presidents, Dave Beck and Jimmy Hoffa, did time in prison, and Hoffa, who hasn't been seen since 1975, is thought to have been murdered. The current president, Ray Whelan, recently charged with attempting to bribe a U.S. senator, joins a score of Teamster officials indicted or convicted last year. The largest and most influential union in the United States, the Teamsters cannot escape the lingering suspicion of mob connections.

But in Canada, membership has reached 100,000 without a hint of scandal. In a union built on top-down control, the reason is the pragmatic leader of the Teamsters' Canadian wing. He is 36 and rich, a man of position including a seat in the Canadian Senate and a director's chair in the boardroom of the company that owns the Vancouver Canucks. That description, worthy of a prince of capitalism, belongs to Ed Lawson, who became a spokesman for the five-star prize fighters by climbing through the ranks of organized labor. Between his Senate salary and the \$101,000 he gets from the Teamsters, Lawson earns at least \$120,000 a year. Now he is poised for a giant leap forward to one of the highest jobs with the international executive of the over-2-million-member union. Many consider him a good bet for the post of secretary-treasurer, which pays close to \$300,000 a year.

With his clean image, brains and speaking ability, Lawson has impressed the American Teamsters as a liberal ever since the early '70s, when he risked his own future with the union by supporting an executive who did not think the Teamsters should support Richard Nixon. Chastained, however, researcher Lawson as the only union leader to support wage and price controls in 1975. "It's a pity," says



Glenn Kilmory: Driving trucks to attack the Teamster establishment.

Ray Hansen, former secretary-treasurer of the B.C. Professional Labour "Lawson has everything the smartest and the organizing ability. He could have been the greatest labor leader this province—hell, this country—ever had."

Lawson doesn't back away from a fight but places more value in a good contract than in the pro forma recognition of many labor leaders. That approach betrays the Teamsters, for they too remain loners within the house of labor.

The Teamsters take pride in being a businessman's union that honors its contracts, even though they consen-

sist. The union once sued him for slander—one of the few times that Lawson has made people pay for their remarks about him. He has also refused to discuss either his power or the Teamsters with Macdon's since 1972. When columnist Allan Fotheringham revealed that Lawson changed his name from Adolph Lachowski at age 38, "He's a tough, seven-footer of an adversary," says Peter Wilson, director of the Teamster's Western Canada region and a Lawson supporter.

That's exactly the kind of leader the Teamsters like, especially now, when degradation of the U.S. trucking industry has cost union truckers their jobs as transport firms drop unprofitable routes. At the same time, other workers who have never seen the inside of a rag are being up to join the Teamsters. The people who work for the B.C. district of Abbotsford now contribute to international headquarters along with airline pilots, factory workers, policemen and firemen. What attracts them all is the union's reputation for winning good contracts. Last month in the U.S., for example, members saw their jobs protected under a national freight agreement. And in Canada, Teamsters continue to earn

ally full to meet expectations. Although the union seldom goes on strike, its support is crucial in many labor disputes that depend on stopping goods from being shipped through protest lines. The Teamsters usually respect the picket lines but still attract criticism. "They're isolated and not interested in anything except their own welfare," spouts Syd Thompson, former head of the Vancouver Labour Council. "They're certainly not interested in building a strong trade union movement." As for Ed Lawson, Thompson believes that his Senate seat and his big salary bear the marks of an executive, not of a worker.

Thompson will say no more publicly about Lawson or the Team-

Malcolm (left) Lawson, winners play by the rules



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Good contracts have their price, however. The International Brotherhood of Teamsters is a rigidly structured union which rewards its executives with lavish salaries and generous pension benefits. Power is concentrated at the top. In fact, the union constitution allows the head office to take over a union local with little notice. Advancement within the hierarchy comes from playing by the rules, as Lawson did.

These days he dominates Teamsters Canada after a guerrilla-like attack on his leadership which began when the

very local where he started has risen to power. The adversary was the small but influential Teamsters for a Democratic Union (TDU), a reform movement that for the past six years has been struggling to give ordinary members more say in running the Teamsters.

A hit-tempoed trucker named Jack Vukovic launched the TDU's attack in 1977. Vukovic was a business agent then, appointed with the approval of Lawson himself. But instead of being grateful, he successfully ran for secretary-treasurer of Local 323 (against the establishment's candidate), outmaneu-

vering Lawson for dividing his attention among his Senate and four union jobs. Vukovic didn't enjoy the office for long. At Lawson's instigation, he was tried by a union panel which found him guilty of failing to carry out the international's wishes. He was thrown out, barred for life from holding any official position with the Teamsters, and fined \$25,000.

"There is no question that the union functions within a monolithic structure in a paramilitary way," said Judge John Gervais, Clerk of the B.C. Supreme Court, when Vukovic tried vainly to win reinstatement.

Five years later, the establishment forces dealt the still fractious ginger group another blow. TDU members were among 2,800 Teamsters at the 1981 convention in Las Vegas. The reformers, including four from Vancouver, found other delegates in so much to hear suggestions for change that made for uneasy jockeying among the TDU members, who recalled that one of them had been beaten up five years before just for speaking up at the convention.

Diana Kilmerly of Prince George, the first woman in B.C. to operate heavy construction equipment, was jumpy enough to refuse a package of flowers delivered to her hotel room, fearing it might conceal a bomb. But as the floor of the convention opened she fought to make herself heard above the noise. "When I sit here in Canada and pick up a newspaper indicating yet another Teamster, what am I supposed to believe?" But if you're too damn scared to have an ethical position committee, then, my God, you must be up to something." That had little effect on a convention where the top officials were voted huge pay increases while strike pay was raised by only \$10 a week.

The reformers were crushed at the convention, said Lawson. Early discomfort at the innards they had made on his territory. ("I'm embarrassed by the fact that it sounds like the whole of Canada is opposed to what the international wants to do," he said.) That defeat foreshadowed another TDU loss later in the year, when an executive endorsed by Lawson was elected.

Today, Jack Vukovic is just another unemployed truck driver, hunting for revenge and suing both his union and the company that fired him. Diana Kilmerly is still working, but is taking a rest from union politics for a while.

"If you expel someone and he does well, then expulsion isn't a penalty," Ed Lawson said recently, referring to a 32-year-old struggle—the expulsion of the Teamsters from the Canadian Labour Congress for railing other unions. Since then the Teamsters have thrived. Ed Lawson makes sure his enemies can't say the same thing.

With files from Paul Winkler/CP



Paramilitary guard, international union, stands with hands behind his back.



Teamsters leaders, including Jack Vukovic, sit together.



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Curbing the career woman's disease

By Julie Van Dusen

Since she was in her early 20s, Diane Beault had suffered from such crippling back pain during menstruation that she missed a week of work nearly every month. Intense pain had become inescapably painful, and her impatient husband labeled her fussy. Years of visits to his general practitioner resulted in countless measurements and no answers. But when she finally consulted an Ottawa gynecologist at the age of 26, he recognized her symptoms. His diagnosis, endometriosis. "He made an attempt to explain what it was," says Beault, "but I didn't really care so long as he got rid of the pain."

Called "the career woman's disease," endometriosis most often afflicts women between 25 and 40 who have never been pregnant. Because the number of first-time mothers in this age group has nearly doubled in the past 20 years, doctors now estimate that more than 500,000 Canadian women have the disease. But the exact number of sufferers is difficult to determine since only a major surgical procedure can confer an accurate diagnosis.

The most widely held theory is that the disease develops when pieces of the uterine lining, or endometrium, float out of the womb via the fallopian tubes and become transplanted either near the vagina or in the ovaries, the breast and the back of the uterus. Because these dislocated cells are programmed to shed and bleed, the resulting deposit remains trapped, accumulating in the abdominal cavity. The organs then begin to adhere, distorting the pelvic environment, which becomes packed solid or "frozen," says Dr. Elaine Joffe, director of the Fertility Clinic at the Ottawa General Hospital.

From the time it was first identified, endometriosis has baffled the medical profession. Northern Hemisphere men have yet been discovered. But recently, a team of doctors at the University of British Columbia searched some cases



Roughly 500,000 women suffer from endometriosis

to the previously unexplained side effects of the disease—pain and infertility. Their findings, published in *The American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, establish a link between these problems and progesterone F, the chemical that induces labor contractions. "Before, we didn't know what caused these symptoms," says team researcher Dr. Basil Ho Yuen. "Now we

Doctors urge sufferers to become pregnant because the risk of infertility increases as the disease progresses. Pregnancy also has a therapeutic effect. New tissue structure drugs—steroids—enable the deposits to shrink and disappear. If a woman retires conception, an interrupted use of birth-control pills or danazol, a drug chemically similar to the male hormone testosterone, can keep the disease in check. Many doctors favor danazol over the birth-control pill because it has fewer side effects and has proven so successful in reducing im-

plants that women previously considered infertile have become pregnant after treatment. But the drug costs a minimum of \$100 a month, and many women are reluctant to take the synthetic hormone for years. Consequently, doctors are pressed to seek alternatives. "You're obliged to do something else—you can't keep a woman on hormones until menopause," says Dr. Patrick Taylor, head of the Fertility Unit at the University of Calgary in Banff, large implants must be surgically removed because drug therapy alone will not eradicate them. In a very small percentage of cases, the deposits can become cancerous and even fatal. "But," cautions Ho Yuen, "this occurs very rarely."

No method of treating endometriosis, however, can guarantee permanent results. "Because it is stimulated by the menstrual cycle, six months to three years after treatment, endometriosis tends to recur," says Dr. Earl Pankratz, a reproductive endocrinologist at the University of Western Ontario in London. Plastic surgery and menopause are the only sure-cures, and even then, active deposits can linger. "There's just no panacea," says Ho Yuen. Nevertheless, most doctors are optimistic about the prognosis of endometriosis as early diagnosis is now more common. This means the hysterectomy that Beault underwent just seven years ago has now become the last resort.

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History's last stand in the classroom



By Andrew Nikiforuk

"You have to be kind of a romantic to like history," opines Grade 12 student Peter Kalpa. "People are saying, 'Everything is changing so quickly, what's the point?'" His classmates at Parkdale Collegiate in Toronto view history as one of the school's last vestiges of the past. Of the school's 1,000 students, they are the only 38 who have chosen to study European history. Fifteen years ago, five times that number took the course. What that means, says Alex Storch, head of history at the school and president of the Ontario History and Social Science Teachers' Association, is that today most students graduate with no knowledge of Rousseau, Hobbes, Locke or other great western thinkers. "You're going to have kids who think they're the centre of the universe."

History has indeed taken a considerable beating in Canadian high schools. Ancient, American and European history, though still offered, have been swept into education's dustbin. Canadian history, now making a comeback after 30 years of neglect, is compulsory in only five provinces. What was a mandatory course of study for high-school seniors 20 years ago has now become another elective subject competing with the likes of family studies. With their eyes on the workplace, students are opting more often for valuable maths and sciences. In the Halifax Bedford County and District School Board, for example, a paltry 30 per cent of the senior students elect to study the fall of Rome or the revolutions of 1905.

Philosophers and social critics have long maintained that democracy cannot function without an informed citizenry aware of the origins of their insti-

tuations and culture. The urgent question, plead history's defenders, is whether Canadians can forge an identity without understanding the place of their own history within the sweep of world events. Asks Kimontso, publisher and nationalist Mel Hurley, "How can you have a country without it?"

Angered and bewildered university professors are tired of treating the casualties. "They come in not biased the same. You can't assume they have a basic knowledge of Canada," declares University of Calgary historian David Reardon. "I'm angry as hell." In an attempt to repair the damage, the University of Alberta is considering adding an extra year to its three-year BA program. Focused on the present, but in history.

Parents have also rallied to the fore. Last month 1,000 parents gathered to demand the Toronto Board of Education institute a return to the basics. One Toronto father, lawyer Murray Haber, who directs the lack of history instruction, thinks teaching should begin in Grade 1. For his part, he quashes his own children at the dinner table, denying up chocolate for correct answers.

Nowhere is history's plight better illustrated than in Alberta. A 1984 assessment of students' historical knowledge of Canadian geography, civics and history yielded dismal results: even Grade 12 students scored a median grade of only 66 per cent. Many Grade 6 students had trouble spelling European settlers how to plow, while most Grade 12 students couldn't define the National Policy of 1859—a cornerstone in federal regional relations. And to many the dirty "30s means "being 30

years old or being apologetic." Concluded the answers, students at all levels don't know enough Canadian history "to deal with current social and political problems."

Beyond Alberta's problem lies a social sciences curriculum emphasizing values and feelings. It was amended last September, but the new curriculum for Grades 1 to 12 has also drawn fire. Courses that emphasize history remain primarily Canadian and more-oriented, leaving such titles as Human Rights in Canada or Canadian Unity. Two months ago, Stewart Boston, superintendent of Mt. Roselle School Division near Calgary, Alta., publicly condemned the curriculum as an abandonment with little or no historical context for events. "There is a tendency to regard Canadian history as though it emerged *ex nihilo* from the foam."

History instruction has become not only fragmentary, complex, critical, but paradoxical. This also applies to other subjects. "Because each province has its own curriculum, the regional nature of Canada comes flowing through," observes Bob Greenaway, executive officer of Phoenix Hall Canada. He Grade 12 and 13 students study P.E.I. history 521 hours about Confederation and economic development from the province's perspective. In Alberta, which has limited Canadian and American content in its social sciences program from 47 to 62 per cent since 1975, many of the new courses focus entirely on imperial or local events (Borne says that the province's short period of white settlement has left it "future-oriented"). Symptomatic of this syndrome, notes Greenaway, is the fact that publishers haven't produced a national Canadian history book for senior grades in the past 18 years.

Those attempting to restore history in the schools to its former glory will have to reverse more than 30 years of liberalizing reforms. But universities have now joined the fight with an assessment by the University of Toronto last February that certain high-school subjects no longer meet admission standards. This year, marketing and merchandising, business and technical courses, vocational practice and data processing will not be credited. And U of T has recently recommended that subjects including history, maths and law should also hit the chopping block by 1985. That move could throw many more students back into the history classrooms.



Boudreau and his portable X-ray successfully gathering prints from shiny surfaces

CRIME

A lift to fingerprints

When the latest dope dealer in North Bay, Ont., was arrested in 1975 for trafficking in marijuana, Const. Paul Boudreau was asked to fingerprint 15 plastic bags that held the confiscated drug. Boudreau knew his task was "virtually impossible" since prints on shiny surfaces tend to smudge when dusted with fingerprinting powder. Nevertheless, after washing the bags for 250 tedious hours, he dusted out a partial print—enough evidence to put the dealer behind bars.

That effort set Boudreau searching for a more efficient way of lifting prints off plastic, cardboard and metallic steel—surfaces that have less than a five-per-cent fingerprinting success rate. In 1977, the investigator, with the help of his son, a former chemistry student, hit pay dirt. MacInnes's lab learned that after placing some epoxy (a white glue (similar to Krazy Glue) in a container next to a piece of fingered aluminium, he noticed that lines from the glue coated the prints. The durable, all-white prints form when the chemical evaporates and intermingles with the residues of skin cells. Unlike conventional dusting, which is unreliable as prints that are more than two weeks old, the films can lift fingerprints five years after the crime. Boudreau has just obtained Canadian and U.S. patents for his process, and many Canadian police investigators have copied the technique as a breakthrough. But the monetary benefits Boudreau will reap from the discovery remain to be seen. British and

U.S. identification experts have known about the process for more than a year. Unknown to Boudreau, the U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation had been experimenting with the same chemical ever since two British policemen published their find in a 1979 British Forensic Science Service report. Because of the excitement, many Canadian and U.S. investigators, who have already been using the fanning process to help solve crimes, hesitate to credit Boudreau with the discovery. Some sceptical colleagues, claims Boudreau, have even tried to discredit him and have "practically called me a liar." He points out, however, that he applied to Ottawa for a patent more than 2½ years ago.

So far, the inventor has sold portable kits, priced at \$1,250—containing a pump, injector, fanning chamber and automatic dryer—in a dozen cities, including the rubber floors in Toronto, Ont., and Calgary. Says MacKenzie Reavis, superintendent of the Toronto force: "Hell, it's going to save many hours because we can do many things right at the scene of the crime."

Although Boudreau now holds exclusive rights to the use of epoxy/plastic to develop fingerprints, he could have difficulty stopping others from infringing on his patent. It is more that Boudreau, a policeman, is duty-bound to stop people from stealing. Yet when it comes to dealing with his colleagues in the field who can be extremely tight-lipped about their scientific skills, that's another story.

—GABRIEL BILMAN

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Turner and daughter gathering herbs; illustrate the foraging instinct taken over

ENVIRONMENT

A wild leguminous feast

It may be right in the heart of Victoria, B.C., but for Nancy Turner and her two young daughters, the woody patch on Cedar Hill Golf Course may be the source of their next meal. She and other aficionados of wild spring legumes can already be seen roving woods and streams around the city in search of scarlet-bellies, cattail shoots and other potential meal ingredients. "It really makes us feel good," says Turner. "I find mine's better when the lettuce in the stores is 99 cents a head and old and wilted." Before the season is out, Turner's family will have savored crissled (drying, cutting, harvesting grass, roots and thistle stew), "I nearly made a violet salad the other day," adds Turner, "but I couldn't bring myself to eat these nice-smelling flowers."

With snow melting across the country, other wild pickers are also going for the spring harvest. Foraging for edible wild plants has attracted many urban dwellers, particularly young families eager to combine love of the outdoors with gourmet pursuits. Picking the trend is a recent crop of books distinguishing edible plants from poisonous look-alikes more clearly than ever and suggesting palatable nutritious recipes. Some authors reassert that with a little better and soil, certain flower sprouts are rival the taste of corn on the cob, while stunted lady's-quarters leaves may contain three times more calcium than spinach. Among the most popular recipe books, with sales of more than 16,000, is *Edible Garden Weeds of*



The wild leek, rarely but overlooked

Canada (1978), coauthored by Nancy Turner and published as part of a series by the National Museum of Natural Sciences. In response to the growing interest, universities are now scheduling extension courses taught by botanists such as Turner and often used to complement seasonal pickings.

Less delighted by this surge in interest are environmentalists, who fear that overpicking may endanger several rare native species, mostly of protection. "In many of these living-off-the-land books there's no distinction made between rare native species and regenerating weeds," says Ottawa environmentalist Paul Canning. Partners of field-based botanists picking the plants young leaves have been known to demolish entire populations of orchids ferns—and in the process disturb much of the spring forest floor. Canning him-

self has lost a crop of flowering spring beauty plants in a few days because pickers gathered the "lily spuds," potato-like corms, far too fast. Spring beauty, found only in southern Ontario and Quebec, is only one of 111 plant species considered in need of protection in Ontario, according to a list of depleted and exploited wild plants published last year by the Toronto Field Naturalists (1976). According to TFF President Helen Jahoda, marsh marigolds, fieldscapes and waterweeds have suffered devastating incursions in the Toronto area—where, she says, from Oriental and European families who are "used to harvesting" in their country of origin.

Among the vegetables hardest hit is the wild leek, a native variety of wild onion found in damp soil throughout Canada. In 1980, commercial herbivores and individual pickers snatched more than a tonne of the leeks from Guinness Park near Hull, Que., and carted them to Ottawa markets or picked them to sell from street-corner booths in Hull. Last year, in an effort to curb the onslaught, park officials announced that people caught removing plants could face maximum fines of \$500. As a result, in 1981 only 16 pickers were found harvesting, reports the park's court liaison officer, Jean-Pierre Robson, and all had gathered only small quantities. "A lot of older people offered the notice that the leek had curative properties."

It is no surprise, given such abuses, that laws governing the protection of wild edible plants are practically nonexistent. Provincial-endangered species acts name one or two "sacred" plants, none of them edible, according to George Arpa, a biologist with the National Museum of Natural Sciences. With David Webb, Arpa has prepared "the nearest thing there is to a national list of rare and endangered plant species," but bans on picking are enforced only by picking of wild greens in Ontario, for example, reserves no allowance until someone applies for a permit to export—and even that provincial permission is rarely withheld.

Some heavily picked plants will survive, despite the lack of adequate controls. In British Columbia, wild ginger, although rare in places, tends to take over where it does grow. Aggressive, woody species such as showy and giant delias, both used as coffee substitutes, will also rebound quickly, even if uprooted. But even they may be threatened by rampant herbivores as the rape of the forest catches on. Turner, while preaching moderation, acknowledges the hobby's addictive. "It's the foraging instinct that's present in all of us—getting something for free."

—ANA WALSH, with files from Harry Duker

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(Academic Press, \$18.95)

Although Northrup Frye often seems to be the perfect inner of the American neo-classical English professor, lost in poetic thought, each of his major works has actually represented a very easy stylistic stab at established academic thinking. In his 1957 study of William Blake's poetry, *Poetic Symbolism*, he encountered the prevalent view of the 18th-century poet and artist as *madman* and helped restore both Blake and Romantic poetry to the academic canon. His monumental *Anatomy of Criticism* (1957) was such an effective demolition of evaluative criticism that some of his colleagues have just to forgive him. Now, in the first volume of his long-awaited study of the Bible, *The Great Code*, we once more have the voice of the heretic, audaciously insisting that if anyone is to study Western literature, the first place to start is in the Bible.

Frye, of course, is not promoting a Holy-Roller revival. He simply wants to affirm that, irrespective of its moral and religious significance, the Bible is the essential code book of our thought, our symbols and mythology from which creative writers have consciously stolen and "re-created" over centuries, from the Old English Beowulf to Postmodernism. Although Frye has even insisted that to ignore the Bible in the classroom is "malpractice in education," making moderns "deliberately amoral" and "without a cultural memory."

Unfortunately for his populist intent, *The Great Code* is a book that only a graduate student in English will find useful. Although Frye claims in *The Educated Imagination* that he can write for a popular audience, he is still fundamentally a theorist of Romantic proportions, too impatient to get down for those who cannot follow him. As a result, the first half of the book, *The Order of Words*, involves a great deal of theoretical throat-clearing which will quickly lose most of a



The frontispiece for 'The Great Code' (from Blake's 'Vision of the Book of Job')—once more we have the spine of the heretic

popular audience.

Despite the overblowing complexity, the first part has an important function in that it attempts to come to terms with the core of Western perception. Basically, Frye adapts as idea of philosopher Victor concerning three ascending ages of man: the mythical, heroic and popular. For Frye, each period has a different, but interrelated, structure of language, the metaphorical, the metonymic and the descriptive. If the Bible seems irrational to a modern reader in its crazy spell of symbols and leaps of logic, it is not the fault of the Bible but that of our modern way of seeing it.

With this groundwork laid, Frye produces a more approachable handbook of

biblical symbolism in the second half of the book, *The Order of Images*. The nature of typology is developed where direct antecedents for images in the New Testament are found in the Old Testament. Like the kings in Joshua 10, for example, Christ is hung up on a tree of death and buried in a stone-sealed tomb. Christ's crucifixion also repeats much of Psalm 22: his hands and feet are pierced, he is mocked by passers-by and he even repeats the line, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" As any Bible concordance shows, there are hundreds of these reiterations that together comprise a cosmology divided between a demonic side of faades, monsters and cruel emperors and a triumphant, messianic side of saviors, shepherds, fishermen catching souls out of the deep, and even a radiant city at the end of time. Thinking in much the same manner as the original authors of the Bible, Frye makes sense out of this young circle of images by projecting the repeated rise and fall of Israel into one irreversible historical cycle.

Literally, the Christian Bible is a "divine comedy" in which man "loses the tree and water of life at the beginning of Genesis and gets them back at the end of Revelation."

It is impossible to do justice to this monumental accomplishment, the first major modern attempt to grapple with the Bible in literary terms. But after the first volume, Frye is only just warming up to his central point. He still has to show that this incredible, rich mythology originates not only the dream of a new Jerusalem, but the body of Western literature. He does bring in examples of Bible-influenced imagery in Dante and T.S. Eliot, but these are sketchy and lag rather insistently far the second volume that Frye is now preparing. In the meantime, his achievement in to strip the Bible of religious assurances. Agnostics are shown how to read it without painful Sunday school memories, while the devout learn another tale to the Bible that is as central to its creative heritage as to faith itself.

—BOB AYRE

Joy in the face of extinction

THE MAKING OF THE REPRESENTATIVE FOR PLANET 8
by Doris Lessing
(Clarke, Irwin, \$16.95)

In literature, though not in life, the end justifies the means. In 1970, Doris Lessing shocked her admirers by turning from fiction about post-apocalyptic society to novels set in other worlds, and she defended herself by claiming that "apoc fiction" makes up the most original branch of literature and it is inventive and witty, it has already achieved all kinds of virtues. The first three books of the *Canopus* series were a long way toward vindicating Lessing without ever removing the doubts her explosive sensibility of the imagination were accompanied by a persistent rattle of colonial rage and bells. But with the publication of the fourth novel in the sequence (she produces words with serene facility), it's time to pay homage. *The Making of the Representative for Planet 8* displays all of Lessing's customary force as well as surprising elegance and has a special urgency. The novel is a parable, a request for salvation.

At first sight it looks morbid and dire, a short book about extinction by



Lessing: a request for salvation



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so life in this benevolent Caspian Empire has been kind to the inhabitants of Planet 8, who have developed a stable civilization immune of poverty or even that an unexpected cosmic mishap breaks their idyllic days grow consistently colder, and not even the construction of a giant wall around a freezing rim of the planet can hold back the frost for long. Civilizations seem determined to the point where survival is impossible.

Such is the backdrop to Leving's real drama, which shows how a dying culture learns to transcend despair. At the first snow-pour in, these victims expect Cooper to help them. Yet even the weather empire is subject to necessity, and for reasons described in the Colonel Planet 8 Skunkies, the first of the Caspian sequence the creature on Planet 8 cannot escape their fate by being lifted to some other solar system. They must rely on their own resources—for the rest of any people is how it confronts death.

Although she is working in a science fiction genre, Dana Leving has not abandoned the philosophical ideas behind the fiction that made her famous. In particular, the primary theme of the Children of Volcanic series of novels—"a void," she once said, "of the individual as considered in its relation with the collective"—continues to occupy her. What is salvaged from the glassed debris of Planet 8 is a single representative, a collective soul that incorporates qualities of spirit and pieces of practical knowledge from many diverse individuals. The seemingly tiny scraps up the book—a communal act of creation, forged from loss. It results in a suggestion embedded in the preface to Skunkies: Out of the sacred fragments of the world can perhaps be regarded as the products of a single soul.

Needs about death are nothing new, of course. But the unique authority of this book arises from its attempt to confront the unthinkable and to search specifically for hope. Although Leving refuses to speculate explicitly, the theme of nuclear war, Caspian 8 is a story could only be the product of an age that has made human extinction possible. Our age has also created the easy distinction between scientific and mystical. And at the end of The Meeting of the Representative for Planet 8, traditional wisdom joins contemporary physics in an elegant dance: "What we were seeing now with our new eyes was that all the planet had become a flat first web or lattice, with the spaces held there between the patterns of the spheres." The soul awakens among the molecules. Together on the far side of death, the Soul, the artist and the physicist discover what looks suspiciously like joy.

—NATE ABLEY



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An export strategy for paunch rock



Doug Bennett (right) conducting The Slugs: the master of a high-tech attack

A celebratorily savvy performer, Doug Bennett knows neither shame nor fear. As soon as he appears from the wings of Toronto's Concert Hall, he's taking full advantage of his cordless microphone. One minute he's at the front of the stage suggesting something unpleasant to a young woman standing nearby; the next, he's up in the balcony introducing a member of his faculty. Now he wants everybody to sing along.

It's a bold move, given that this March 18 "81: Cabbage Day Blues" is the biggest and first non-league engagement that Doug and the Slugs have ever played in Toronto, a town where even barroom blues are apt to meet hostility to the idea of audience participation. But Bennett, the band's lead vocalist, chief songwriter and trumpet player, is a master of high-tech attack. The sticky singer may lean to climb to the balcony to do it, but he gets most of the other patrons to lift their voices in a lusty sing-along.

Such feats have made Doug and the Slugs the latest Canadian contenders for international rock stardom. Granted, *The Slug* was a lot in Canada

last year, earning two Juno nominations (single of the year and composer of the year) and an encouraging article in *Rolling Stone*. But it's what the band accomplishes live that prompted *The Toronto Star* to call it "the most all-around entertaining concert band in the country" and recently gave *Rolling Stone* the nod to the audience to turn them to a six-album contract.

Unquestionably, Doug Bennett is what makes the band so genuine. The opposite of the Canadian male rock archetype—skin and bones and shoulder-length hair—Bennett, sometimes called "the father of paunch rock," is a sagged undergirth who wears dinner jackets, clip-on bowties and short-cropped pomaded pompadour. Not only does he sing in a gritty voice that has seasoned companions to Bob Seggar and Frankie Knuckles but he also delivers long, absurdly long, about 30-second songs on brass instruments and bagpipes arias.

To date, the Slug sound, which Bennett once defined as "your house rock" of 'nill but with a certain Riff Raffesque, grassroots, Paul Simon, ambient, Californic, Ken, New York liberal Jewish intellectual slant to it," has not been

fully realized on the group's albums. The grab bag of styles, ranging from swing ska to Springsteenian ballads, encompasses Christmas Carols tunes, with its oddball lounge refrain "Chap man, chap, chap man," and a slow sad song about strangeness, *Devious Army*. However, because of bland production more that seems engagingly indescribable when performed live comes off as nondescript on record.

While the band's two albums have achieved gold status (selling more than 50,000 copies in Canada, where the first, *Copier and Bologna*, was licensed to RCA in 1980 for American distribution), sales were not impressive. The new contract, which went into effect Feb. 1 with the U.S. release of their second album, *Whop N*, provides more promotional support as well as a budget for studio time and a "name" producer to help inject vitality into the next album. In the meantime, in honor of their closer ties with RCA, Doug and the Slugs have embarked on a "Honeydew Tour" which began in Winnipeg in early March and, after dates in Toronto, Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Washington, winds up in the Maritimes in mid-April.

Appearing live, Doug and the Slugs are able to reach audiences with a taste for the outlandish. Though Bennett thinks the music is commercial and speaks of its "charitable melodies and danceable beats," it does not conform to radio's narrow categories, and so it is up to the band to deliver it in person. Where the Slugs emerged in Vancouver in 1975, conventional club owners, made nervous by its noise, wanted nothing to do with the group. Undaunted, the band rented halls and published its own events. Official happenings became the stuff of local legend: a Cocoa Banana party admitted anyone dressed as Lucille Ball free. Once, band members disguised themselves and played as their own supporting acts.

Along with Loverbon, Chidwick, Bryan Adams and the Powder Blues, Doug and the Slugs are evidence of Vancouver's development as a cradle of rock. Otherwise, there are too idiosyncratic to be part of any pop music movement. But eventually has its own rewards. Doug Bennett seems to take pleasure in telling of the time the band was in a studio and how the lead singer of Loverbon came in and said, "I really admire you guys for playing music you want to."

—DAVID LIVINGSTONE
With John Foss-John Murray

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Rattling the stereotypical cage

By Allan Fotheringham

Canada defines itself as *nyctis*. The most obvious sign is that the country is dark, inhabited by dull, arbitrary nonsensicals whose compulsory accounts of "oh yes" and who spend their evenings sitting around reading *The Collected Writings of Bob Kaplan*. A cursory glance at the record would demolish this myth, but almost no one wants to do it—for fear it would destroy the stereotype. The Irish are gaunt, the Scots are cheap, the Germans are stubborn—every nation must have its pigeon-hole, and Canadians are stuck with the label of being snobish bores. Any objective critic who would run his spiritual over the current state of the nation would willingly deny it all.

Premier Brian Peckford has called a Newfoundland election (mainly because he wants to win) in the province that he must control offshore resources. This is presumed to mean including any sizeable oil rigs currently lying on the bottom of the ocean. What he seems to be running against Pierre Trudeau is more advantageous than running against any Newfie opposition party. Premier Allan Rockaway is about

able Cowboy from Olds-Dithbert, Gordon Keir, the Louis Riel of the cutting corner. As a lightning rod that unites the country against Ottawa, Pierre Trudeau may yet go down in history with George Washington, Garibaldi, Santa Bolivar and Joan of Arc as the founder of a new nation.

In the meantime, Sinclair Stevens and Bob Newman, two Conservative MPs, announced they were going—on their own book—to act as dispassionate observers of the election in St. Badwade. It is thought their new expertise will come in handy in the run-up to the Tory

diary product of machismo. The latter fact is regarded as a necessary prerequisite of hypocrisy. The directors of B.C. Telephone, branch plant of a New York parent company—after buying off temporary workers and asking employees to give up one day's pay—have voted to roll back the 50-per-cent fee increase they voted themselves for quarterly payments and attending board meetings B.C. Tel, whose 1841 profit rose 11 per cent to \$60 million, is the only telephone company in Western Canada not owned by the public. The generous roll-back is regarded as a mandatory product of gaucherie.

In Montreal, a Conservative rally was featured by the appearance on the same platform of Brian Mulroney, Quebec's version of Sylvester Stallone, and Toronto's David Crombie, who heavily featured a version of Diefenbaker. French They are thought to be forming a Quebec/Ontario/Quebec/Quebec arrangement. On the platform, they both bowed deeply to Joe Clark. He twisted on his pillow. Scholarly General Bob Kaplan was described as "unforgivably naïve" by Mr. Trudeau. The PM was regarded with some resentment by the entire Liberal caucus and 200 members of the Parliament.

Press Group, all of which knew this fact when Mr. Trudeau supported Mr. Kaplan.

The prime minister allowed that, since the constitution is now safe for all Canadians were Indians, he is "not prepared to return" as he has never put this in mind. This is helpful, since it is felt his continuing presence is necessary to solve the sectarian problems of Northern Ireland, the theory of perpetual motion, the problem of postmodernism, the Middle East crisis, dandruff and the crisis of religion, science, sexuality and coexisting Doug Crighton, who is publisher of *The Toronto Sun*, and John Turner, who is John Turner, have been smiling Winston's, the plush Toronto watering hole, since Peter Newman detailed their banking habits in his book, *The Nine Dead*. (Turner John Ames has decided against using Newman, since the luncheon details of Crighton and Turner have been ridiculed by the 14 new politicians from Pinoka, Alta.



leadership convention. It was revealed that Jimmy Gault, who was turned down by the ignorant voters of Toronto Spadina last year, has been attempting to arrange a quick nomination for a second try—the first Liberal nomination in Toronto for an election that is set due until about 1984. This is regarded as a prime example of what is known as the Liberal version of Buy Recount democracy. Be Better Prepared.

In the week when Bobby Orr warned that goals were running hockey, Vancouver Canucks players revealed the words in Quebec City to show that this is regarded as a mandatory product of machismo. Pierre Trudeau, who once asked the United Nations to "infect" the nuclear arms race, said in Saskatoon that he didn't blame the United States and NATO for trying to match the Russian "gun for gun" Canada, as a member of NATO, has most of its nuclear navy laid up because of cracks in the boilers of its antiquated fleet. The former statement is regarded as a man-



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